# WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

MAGAZINE NUMBER

## CONTENTS

### GRADUATE DEPARTMENT


A NEW VOCATION FOR COLLEGE WOMEN ..... Eleanor M. Laird, '99 1
THE WELLESLEY COLLEGE PRESS BOARD ..... Helene Buhlert Magee, 1903 3
SOME ASPECTS OF GRADUATE WORK AT RADCLIFFE ..... Edith Scamman, 1907, M. A., Radcliffe, 1909 4
THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION ..... Ex-Professor Anna J. McKeag 7
CLASS RECORDS ..... Elva Young Van Winkle, '96, Associate Professor Case 8
THE OUTLET ..... 13
BOOK REVIEW ..... Professor Margaret Sherwood 14
Professor Kendall's "A Wayfarer in China."
POEMS ..... Professor Katharine Lee Bates, '80 11
Professor Margaret Sherwood 17


### UNDERGRADUATE DEPARTMENT


THE LEADING ROAD ..... Laura Mary Moench, 1914 18
THE TEST OF THE HEART ..... Barbara Mary Hahn, 1913 23
TO ALFRED NOYES (poem) ..... Mary Rosa, 1914 25
SEA FOG ..... Harriet Beecher Devan, 1913 26



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stock, which is really the proprietor's money.

5. How to talk up the merchandise in an intelligent and convincing manner.

6. How to help customers decide.

7. The value of suggestions to customers. In order to use the principles developed in these discussions several demonstration sales are held in which one of the group is the salesperson, while some outsider is a customer. The sale, conducted as it would be at the counter, is followed by class criticism which brings out both the weak and the strong points.

A weekly course in textiles is given to two groups of twenty girls. The four chief textile fibres,—cotton, linen, silk and wool,—are studied with regard to the raw material, the manufacturing processes and the finished product, so that the merchandise becomes a vital interest. This course brings up many points in commercial geography and industrial history.

The rest of the time is occupied chiefly in following up work throughout the store when informal conversation is held about the salesmanship work, the merchandise, and other store topics. This gives an opportunity to study each saleswoman individually at her counter and clinches the class work. Cases of untidy appearance, chewing gum, careless treatment of customers, or any disorder of any kind must be observed and corrected.

Once a week each buyer holds meetings with the salespeople in his department to discuss department business and new stock. These meetings are planned by the education department, suggestions and helpful ideas concerning the discussions being given to those buyers who wish them. In this way the executives are brought into closer touch with their salespeople, which results in better co-operation and more interested work in the department. The meetings are held for the first ten or fifteen minutes of the morning once a week in the departments. In this way the buyers are trained to educate their people and become more interested as they realize how much benefit is derived.

Classes are also held to instruct new people how to use the sales book. Many such classes are held just before unusual sales when a large number of extra salespeople are engaged temporarily.

The most interesting phase of the work is derived from the personal relations with the salespeople. The majority live at home and are good wholesome girls. Many have been obliged to leave school to help towards the family support while others were tired of school and wished to work because their friends were working. Very few have gone beyond the first year in the High School. Many are married and work because they want more money for the family expenses, or because their husbands are sick or worthless. The married saleswoman shoulders the responsibility of selling in a very business-like way, for she knows the serious side of life. Some are widows with children to support, while others are working cheerfully day by day with no special cares or aim in life except to marry soon. One meets many Jewish girls, who are alert, bright, ambitious and most eager to learn. Then there is the warm-hearted Irish girl, who is impulsive and over generous, working to give a drunken or lazy brother part of her weekly wage. The most pathetic case is that of women who have reached the fifty-year mark and have been selling for many years without becoming expert or establishing a personal following. On the other hand there are women of that age who are famous for their clever salesmanship and have many customers who are willing to wait an hour to be served by these women, in whom they have the utmost confidence. It is delightful to hear how appreciative some customers are. They send flowers, fresh eggs, country butter, theater tickets, candy and home-made dainties to their favorite salespeople, who have been such a help to them in their shopping trips. There are all kinds of women in a department store just as there are in a college. Some college girls might take notes on personal appearance from the majority of our saleswomen, who look neat and well dressed in their plain black dresses relieved by white cuffs and collar. On a recent visit to a certain college I compared my store girls with the students in that one respect, much to the disadvantage of the latter. When one realizes under what difficulties some of our saleswomen are living it is marvelous to see how neatly they dress. Many do their laundry work and their mending in the evening after having stood up all day in their departments It takes all types to carry out the store

system and to please all kinds of customers. When the director of education has gained the esteem and respect of these generous, appreciative girls many problems and troubles of both store and home life are entrusted to her in the most confidential manner.

The possibilities connected with educational work in a department store are manifold. It reaches out into so many different channels. One is brought in contact with the strenuous life of the business world and with people who are struggling for existence. Both the bright side and the sad side of real life are apparent. It is, moreover, real life in its fullest. There are great fascination and satisfaction in the work. Within a very short time every progressive department store will employ some trained woman to take charge of its educational work. Results have been seen. It has passed beyond the experimental stage.

ELEANOR M. LAIRD, '99.

## THE WELLESLEY COLLEGE PRESS BOARD.

The Wellesley College Press Board was organized in October, 1912, and is an outgrowth of the attempt made in 1911 by the college authorities to introduce some method of handling the publicity work of the college other than by the disconnected work of a number of students engaged by the newspapers for which they reported, and responsible only to these papers. Accordingly, the college decided to appoint an official college reporter, who should send all Wellesley news items to the different newspapers, and who might be consulted by the regular reporters from the papers in their search for news. Miss Sarah Woodward, an assistant in the Psychology Department, was appointed to this position in 1911. In 1912 she left Wellesley, and Mrs. Helene B. Magee, of the Department of English, took her place. Realizing that the labor of reporting for so many papers was too heavy for any one person, and finding that the newspapers preferred having each its individual reporter, Mrs. Magee, with the co-operation and approval of Miss Pendleton, organized the Wellesley College Press Board.

This organization is nothing new or unusual,—merely a counterpart, generally speaking, of the Press Clubs and Bureaus and Boards at Princeton, Smith, Vassar, and other colleges and universities. It is composed of seven students reporting for Boston papers, and two reporting for New York papers. If at any time a student in college wishes to send news items to her home paper in any part of the country, she temporarily joins the Board and has her items approved. The official college reporter acts as director and adviser of the group of reporters, which meets every day to "pool" the news, and discuss the method of its handling. Each member of the group is responsible for all the news in certain quarters of the college world; one has Student Government and Christian Association and Barnswallows; another, Societies and Suffrage League, and so on. The Faculty reporter keeps in touch with the different academic departments and writes up matters of academic interest wherever they may be found. All the general college news is brought to the daily meeting in College Hall, where each reporter takes what she thinks will interest her paper and gets it off in the afternoon mail. Evening affairs are reported over the telephone for publication in morning papers. The student reporters are encouraged to do individual "write-ups" of matters of college interest other than "news" which their papers are glad to get as "exclusive" material. All such articles are looked over by the Faculty reporter, but are done independently of the other student reporters. The student who sees the most "human-interest material" in her college surroundings, makes the best reporter, though, of course, the newspapers' constant demand for sensational, "silly" stories must be met with cheerful refusals. Just here, perhaps, a word of explanation as to the appearance in newspapers,—usually those at a great distance from Wellesley,—of such "silly" and untrue, or exaggerated, stories may be in order. These may always be traced to some item in a Boston paper, usually very

harmless, and usually true, which newspapers in various parts of the country use as a basis for highly embroidered versions of their own. For instance, the legitimate report that a certain Senior had gone to the village to help in the Student Government work with the Freshmen, which appeared in a Boston paper, was copied in various Western papers to the effect that "one of the Wellesley Seniors had gone to the town of Wellesley to become assistant mayor." A similarly authentic report of the election of a fire-captain in one of the college houses brought out a report in a California paper that a Wellesley girl ran the only hose-wagon in the country driven by a woman; and so on, ad nauseam. The news which goes from the college to the Boston and New York papers is authentic, and in general those papers treat the college in a spirit of fairness, courtesy, and consideration which cannot be too greatly appreciated by the college. The exceptions are glaring, it is true, but they only make the rule more certain.

In closing, the Press Board would like to appeal to the Alumnæ for help and recognition. If at any time any Alumna of the college wants any news about the college which she cannot find in the NEWS, a request sent to the Wellesley College Press Board, care of Mrs. H. B. Magee, College Hall, will meet with an immediate response. If any Alumna wants anything concerning Wellesley written up for publication, the Press Board is the place to write for it. And last, if any Alumna sees untrue reports about Wellesley in newspapers, will she please realize that they do not, usually, come either from the college or from the Boston papers! We are trying to bring about true and adequate publicity for Wellesley. Help us by your confidence, your co-operation, your sympathy, your suggestions.

HELENE BUHLERT MAGEE, 1903.

## SOME ASPECTS OF GRADUATE WORK AT RADCLIFFE.

"The catalogue of Radcliffe is so extremely feminine in its modesty and diffidence that I suspect it is written under masculine dictation. Other college catalogues are inclined to exaggeration; Radcliffe minimizes or omits to mention its advantages. If it did not, it would more than double its number and a thousand women are not wanted in Cambridge."*

However unwarranted Mr. Slosson's frank assertions may be considered, any graduate student of Radcliffe will doubtless acknowledge the humble tenor and modest dress of the catalogue and announcement of courses, and will still further agree with him that a much larger number than seventy-nine,—the present roll of the graduate department,—would come to partake of the feast of good things, were the superior advantages offered at Radcliffe more widely known. Small as is the number, it is, however, slightly larger than any regular college class except the Freshmen—using the present year's statistics as a basis of judgment. This is as it should be, for Radcliffe is peculiarly fitted for graduate work. Great as are its advantages along certain lines, it will for a time, at least, by the very nature of its existence lack many facilities for wisely molding and shaping the lives of young girls,—facilities which others of our colleges for women have more readily at their command.

What then, briefly, can Radcliffe promise to the would-be graduate student? My opinions are necessarily personal, based on only a year's experience, and so imperfect and possibly not always just. Even so, they may be of slight help to some Wellesley girl who has only the Radcliffe catalogue and her uncertain prejudices to lead her. Such was the state of mind in which I found myself after a year spent in the quiet and hardly inspiring atmosphere of a New England town, a hundred miles distant from the glittering dome of the Boston State House. The middle of September I felt a sudden call, an unexplainable longing to wander a little more "into regions yet untrod." Guided by the vague idea that Radcliffe must afford fine opportunities for work, and by the definite knowledge that Professor Palmer taught a famous course of ethics there (being

*Edwin E. Slosson, "Great American Universities," Macmillan Company, 1910.

involved at that time in the seemingly hopeless attempt to adjust relations between myself and my fellow men), I set my face, hesitatingly, Cambridgeward. I must confess to a bit of a prejudice against Radcliffe, still lingering from my undergraduate days, which the year in the "wide, wide world," when one's views become often saner and more tolerant, had not entirely effaced.

A graduate student, not Radcliffe born and bred, but originally from another college, remarked recently: "Radcliffe seems to me so essentially a place of wasted material, wasted opportunities. Here are great and able professors, trained specialists, many of international reputation, lecturing to small groups of students, other courses of rare value which would doubtless be given if a sufficient number applied for them, and library advantages second to none in this country—all enjoyed by so few women." During the past year forty-two whole courses and twenty-seven half courses designed for graduates have been offered.

Among the courses which came under my own observation, and of which I may, therefore, speak was the famous "Philosophy 4" which Professor Palmer has been giving for years to hundreds, verily, thousands of men and women. These lectures and quiet talks of high ideals in their application to the needs of everyday living must, indeed, fill every one going forth from that class room with a deep sense of the dignity and nobility of the life she may lead if she will—the great honor of sharing in the furtherance of the universal well being. This course has many times had the leading place as "the most helpful" in the census taken yearly of the Senior class at Harvard. But it is not necessary to introduce Professor Palmer to any Wellesley audience, for he is our own by adoption.

A "star course" in English is Professor Kittredge's work, on six plays of Shakespeare. The large class of undergraduates and most of the graduate students in English are always enthusiastic and eager for the close, yet most enlightening study of the Elizabethan language, whose baffling meaning appears outwardly so clear and yet under some of our oft-quoted passages obscure and senseless. Especially valuable is the psychological study of character development given bit by bit, making the Shakespearian heroes and heroines stand before us, not as stage folk of several centuries ago, but as palpitating human beings who feel and act as we might under similar circumstances. Professor Baker's two courses on alternating years form a complete history of the growth and evolution of English drama, 1, from the Miracle Plays to the Closing of the Theaters; 2, from 1642 to the present day. This work, with the constant emphasis on technique, is valuable in connection with his play-writing course, which offers unique opportunities for the incipient dramatist.

The Radcliffe curriculum is an ever varying quantity. Professor Schofield has recently withdrawn his comparative literature seminar, which for several years has been a great boon to students desiring training and efficiency in scholarly research. Professor Neilson's graduate course on "Romanticism" has been changed to better meet the needs of undergraduates. The complaint is frequently made that Radcliffe work is falling more and more into the hands of young and inexperienced Harvard instructors. This tendency may develop to larger dimensions in the future, especially in reference to undergraduate work, but at present there is little danger—except in a very few cases—for this past year's statistics show that of one hundred and three courses offered at Radcliffe, thirty were given by professors, twenty-five by assistant professors, and forty-eight by instructors or lecturers. Magic names, as Münsterberg, Royce, Palmer, Kittredge, von Jagemann, Francke, Sheldon, Grandgent, Haskins, Merriman, Gay and Peabody, speak for themselves. These are but a few of the prominent men whose lectures and seminars embody the result of years of study and experience.

No definite thesis for the Master's degree is required, which makes it possible and not difficult to gain the degree in one year. This does not mean, however, an escape from thesis work altogether, for in the greater number of the graduate courses theses meet one frequently. Four courses are required, three must be in the major subject, and the rank of B obtained in all four. Most of the work is given at Radcliffe, but in a few laboratory courses

and advanced seminars the women attend the regular Harvard class.

Is it due alone to the modesty of the catalogue that more women do not come to learn of these great masters? Or is it prejudice coupled with a lack of knowledge? Does many a would-be student share with Mr. Slosson the feeling that a thousand women are not wanted at Cambridge? Some there are, doubtless, who refuse to go to Radcliffe because they believe that the college men do not wish them there, and they fear that they may be humiliated by receiving the crumbs off the bounteous table of Harvard. This attitude is very foolish, unnecessary. A prominent graduate student of several years ago is reported as saying that she always shrank from going to the Harvard library, because the men were so discourteous and disrespectful. I do not know her particular grievance, but I, for one, never experienced any lack of consideration, and was never made to feel but that I had a right to all that was offered to me. If a girl expects a man whom she has never met who happens to be in her vicinity in the "stacks" to scramble to pick up her pencil, to reach her a book from a high shelf, or to give up his seat when she appears in sight, she will doubtless be sadly disappointed. Why do we women demand equal intellectual rights, and in the same breath ask that the men shall eternally remember that we are feminine, and be constantly on their guard to put themselves out for us in every conceivable way? The student who remains away from Radcliffe for these reasons does not deserve the benefits which Radcliffe can give.

If the old idea still persists that the Radcliffe girl is an uninteresting "grind," surely recent classes of graduates with their varied activities and broad outlook have proved the contrary. Of course there are "grinds" at Radcliffe, too many of them, but are we not often apt to confuse a "grind" with one who has a serious, absorbing interest in her work? The average Radcliffe undergraduate takes her work seriously. Shall we condemn her for that?

Radcliffe has its faults; it is practically, but not nominally, the same as Harvard. It has no teaching Faculty of its own. The social life may not be all that could be desired. Yet even in these latter days one does not do graduate work for the sake of the social benefits which accrue therefrom. Several Alumnæ, professors' wives, and other well-wishers of Radcliffe, call on the new graduate students and invite them to teas at their homes, and a pleasant relation, closer than might be expected, exists between the undergraduate and graduate bodies. The Idler, the well-known dramatic club, is open to all members of the college, and frequently graduate students, from other colleges originally, take prominent parts in the dramatic presentations. The various department clubs which are a substitute for fraternities often admit several graduate students to their membership, and occasionally invite all the others to open meetings. The dormitories are open to graduate students, and a goodly number take advantage of this, as room and board is as reasonable and often more desirable than in the private places. A room in Bertram Hall is awarded each year as the gift of the Radcliffe Union to a graduate student of character and ability. The Graduate Club in its bi-monthly meetings aims to increase sociability among its members. As the students, this year, represent twenty-seven different institutions, there is abundant opportunity for a variety of opinions and stimulating, helpful comradeship.

The atmosphere was for the most part, free, democratic, and tolerant. The hours in the class rooms were valuable, not alone for the mere receiving of knowledge, but for the freedom of expression which was encouraged and the helpful spirit existing between professor and students, which I had not been led to expect. It is unsafe to generalize, for much depends upon the individual instructor, and some allowance must be made also for the attitude necessarily different between graduate and undergraduate work. The tendency was, however, to treat all opinions as worthy of consideration, and in one course especially I frequently awoke with surprise to the consciousness that one was master, for we had seemed to have been all students together in the great quest for Truth.

EDITH SCAMMAN,
Wellesley, '07, Radcliffe, M.A., '09.

## THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION.

I have been asked by the Alumnæ editor of the Wellesley College News to prepare a brief account of the development of the Department of Education of Wellesley College. About two years ago I prepared for the College News an article on this subject and it may not be out of place for me to quote certain paragraphs from that article.

"The first systematic course of lectures in Wellesley College on pedagogical subjects appears to have been given during the year 1885-1886, and consisted of twelve addresses on 'The History of Education and Teaching.' In the following year a two-hour course entitled: 'Philosophy of Education, Methods, Organization, Kindergarten System, etc.,' was given by Professor Carla Wenckebach of the German Department, and was elected by twelve students. In view of the highly conservative attitude of most educational institutions at that time toward this new subject, the position of Wellesley College, as set forth in an official statement by the president, appears to have been decidedly liberal: 'The comparatively new venture of introducing into a college curriculum a course in pedagogics, in order to supply a long-felt want of those students who, on leaving the class room, must enter immediately upon the work of the instructor, has proved so great a success as to justify the wisdom of its supporters.'

"Under Professor Wenckebach's able and enthusiastic direction, the new course, now extended to three hours, was elected by a larger number of students, until, in 1896-1897, the class numbered fifty-six. During the next year, in Professor Wenckebach's absence, the course was conducted successfully by Dr. John T. Prince, Agent of the State Board of Education of Massachusetts.

"The year 1897-1898 saw the end of the course in pedagogy as an isolated course. Many universities and colleges had, by this time, awakened to the fact that pedagogy has a content and a method of its own, and that the best interests of the subject are not served by making it an annex to another department, however able may be the instructors thus secured. At Wellesley College the importance of the subject to the large numbers of students preparing to teach was felt to be sufficiently great to justify the creation of a separate department, to be placed in the hands of an instructor who should devote her entire time to this work. Accordingly, Miss Ellor Eliza Carlisle, at that time supervisor of schools in New Haven, was called to the position of Associate Professor of Pedagogy in Wellesley College, and entered upon her work in the fall of 1898. Miss Carlisle's wide experience in the public schools and her ability in organization and management were of the utmost value to the department, in these, its formative years, and it was felt to be a distinct loss to the college when appointment to the position of Supervisor of Public Schools in Boston made necessary her withdrawal from Wellesley College in April, 1902. The work of the department was carried, during the spring term of 1902, by Miss Mary E. Laing, the present incumbent of the position entering upon her duties in September, 1902.

"In 1909 the title of the department was changed from Pedagogy to Education, the change being made partly for the purpose of conforming to the academic nomenclature of other colleges, and partly because the name 'education' more exactly connotes the subject-matter of the department.

"As the work is at present organized, the undergraduate takes as her first work in the department a course which is intended to give her an elementary knowledge of the two fundamental pedagogical subjects—the history of education and the principles of education. Subsequent courses give opportunity for more specialized study in these fields. In general, it may be said that the undergraduate courses are planned to meet the needs not only of the prospective teacher, but also of the student who desires to study education as a cultural subject. In view of the fact that few women pass through life without being called upon at some time to direct to some extent the education of a child, whether in the home, the school, the Sunday-school, the college settlement, or the civic or charitable organization, it has seemed worth while to try to meet the needs of all these classes of students

by giving a general introductory course."

In 1909, a graduate course was started in the department. This course was especially designed to prepare graduate students for teaching in high schools. This course was conducted during the year 1910-11 and 1911-12 by Professor John Franklin Brown of New York City, the author of "The American High School," and "The Training of Secondary Teachers in Germany and the United States." In this course a study is given of the development of the high school, of the needs of adolescent pupils, of educational values in secondary schools, and of the methods of teaching special subjects in high schools. By an arrangement with the Wellesley High School, each graduate student has a certain amount of practice teaching in the high school in her special subject.

The Department of Education has several kinds of values. Most obvious among these is of course this relation to the profession of teaching. Since the foundation, in the University of Michigan, of the first chair of education in this country, the development of education as a college subject has been most rapid. Everywhere the need of professional training on the part of prospective teachers is recognized. This may be partly due to the increasingly rigid laws concerning the certification of teachers, or partly to the recognition of the value of education per se.

In addition to the professional value of education, however, the cultural value of the study is not to be ignored. The history of education is as valuable as the history of any other phase of civilization. The general theory of education is a valuable part of a liberal education. The mother and the social worker are benefited by a knowledge of education as truly as is the teacher.

Wellesley College is to be congratualted on its good fortune in having secured for the headship of the department, Professor Arthur Norton of Harvard University, who brings to the work an equipment of scholarship and successful teaching experience. That the Department of Education in Wellesley College may grow in numbers and in usefulness is the earnest desire of the writer of this article, who will always look back with pleasure to the years spent in directing the work of this department at Wellesley College.

Anna J. McKeag.

## CLASS RECORDS.

Yale has an Association of Class Secretaries organized for exchange of views, and for helping one another in promoting class interests. In 1910 a Class Secretaries' Bureau was opened at New Haven to be a clearing house for alumni news, to amass data concerning graduates and non-graduates, and to be a final repository for class memorabilia to be preserved in fire-proof files. This bureau has published a handbook for the use of class secretaries, containing an interesting and cleverly written introduction and a standard list of questions. A copy of this book can be obtained by writing to the bureau.

Wellesley is young enough now to begin its full history of each member of the class. Two hundred years from now we may present for the use of historians an interesting, authoritative account of our students, their families, their avocations and vocations, their undergraduate life, their relations to family and society,—many facts that colleges far older than ours now long for.

It is impossible to expect the college itself to furnish these records; if each class does it once for all, a big task is justly distributed among those best prepared to undertake it. It is of interest as well as of value to know something of a girl's ancestry, what members of her family were college graduates, her father's occupation, where she prepared, at what age she entered, whether in part she earned her tuition fees, whether her college course prepared her for what she followed as either vocation or avocation and if not whether she has any criticism to make upon the undergraduate work? It is interesting some twenty years after to know with whom and where a girl roomed, what

her offices were in college, whether she was much occupied with "extra-curriculum" activities, whether she was a member of a society, made Phi Beta Kappa and "made good" in proportion. What did she do when she left college? Did she marry and, if so, whom? Had she children, and of what sex? As time goes on, there is the personality of the children to consider. What about health, honors, duties, nobly, but silently performed,—things of interest that only one or two in the class would know?

Who would want all this fifty years from now? The granddaughters of Wellesley for one, the essayist, the historian of our period, the insurance companies, the sociologist.

Much of the material once collected needs no repeating. The biggest task done, class secretaries need only to collect information from year to year. To reach the ideal of knowing something about every member of the class requires ingenuity,—if a girl does not reply to inquiries, a registered letter, with receipt asked for, may at least make sure of her address; if letters are returned undelivered, perhaps her husband's address can be found through the War Department or the Church Almanac or the Alumni catalogue of his college. But completeness of statistics pays for the ingenuity it costs.

ELVA YOUNG VAN WINKLE, '96.

Mrs. Van Winkle has asked me to add a word about the collection of data for the records of which she writes, since for several years I have been engaged in making for the college a record along some of these lines.

At Yale the present intention is to rely upon class publications issued at intervals. Some of our own classes print an annual class letter, two forms of which are known to me. In one form each member is expected to write a letter to the class, which is printed in full, whether it consists of a dozen words or of several hundred. This results in a most interesting document; the expense, however, must be greater than in the other plan, according to which the letters are addressed to the president or secretary of the class, who epitomizes them and extracts interesting sentences or phrases.

Evidently such annuals are of great assistance to the statistician and they could be made more valuable by co-operation. But I doubt whether the Yale plan could be exactly duplicated here. It does not yet appear whether the Yale classes will themselves support class publications so expensive as their enthusiastic secretaries propose. Yet their plan is full of suggestions that might well be adopted.

At Wellesley I do not think that under present conditions the project could or would be carried out by the class secretaries alone. Some parts of the work will never be done thoroughly except by persons with a passion for statistics, and while any class of considerable size presumably contains one or more such members, yet that passion is not always discoverable by the class and can hardly constitute the basis upon which the secretaries are elected. This difficulty might be overcome by the creation of a new officer—a class statistician, with whom the secretary should co-operate. These statisticans might be appointed, not elected and they would not necessarily hold office permanently. These officers could be members of the Association of Class Secretaries; and either that association or the presidents or executive committees of the classes might be entrusted with the appointment of the statisticians. The class annual would become even more valuable and interesting with such assistance. There is no doubt that the alumna of future days, as well as the college authorities and sociologists, will be grateful for the speedy formation of some kind of body for the more systematic collection of statistics. They will mourn that such a body was not established thirty years ago, though it is not yet too late to do much toward recovering the early data.

To any persons who may undertake the making of records, I shall be glad to impart some facts that I have learned about ways in which the data can and cannot be gathered. Doubtless all the administrative officers of the college would give such an enterprise their zealous co-operation.

MARY S. CASE.

# GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ALUMNÆ.

As Shown by the Geographical Catalogue.

Compiled by Florence S. M. Crofut, '97.

| State or Territory | No. of Towns Rep. | Three Largest Towns | Total No. of Alumnæ | No. of W. Clubs |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Alabama | 4 | Birmingham, 1; Montgomery, 1; Selma, 1. | 4 | None |
| 2. Alaska | 1 | Ketchikan | 1 | |
| 3. Arizona | 3 | Morenci, Phœnix, Tucson. | 3 | |
| 4. Arkansas | 1 | Fort Smith. | 2 | |
| 5. California | 37 | Berkeley, 10; Los Angeles, 24; Pasadena, 8. | 101 | 2 |
| 6. Canal Zone | 2 | | 2 | |
| 7. Colorado | 15 | Denver, 20; Colorado Springs, 9; Greeley, 2. | 46 | |
| 8. Connecticut | 66 | Hartford, 14; New Haven, 12; Bridgeport, 10. | 175 | 2 |
| 9. Delaware | 1 | Wilmington. | 9 | 2 |
| 10. Dis. of Columbia | 1 | Washington. | 42 | |
| 11. Florida | 5 | Miami, 2; Boynton, 1; St. Augustine, 2. | 6 | 1 |
| 12. Georgia | 5 | Atlanta, 3; Augusta, 1; Savannah, 1. | 8 | |
| 13. Hawaii | 3 | Honolulu, 7; Lihue, 1; Paia, 1. | 9 | |
| 14. Idaho | 7 | Boise, 1; Kellogg, 1; Moscow, 1. | 7 | |
| 15. Illinois | 55 | Chicago, 88; Evanston, 17; Oak Pk., 15. | 223 | |
| 16. Indiana | 18 | Indianapolis, 10; Evansville, 2; Poseyville, 1. | 28 | 1 |
| 17. Iowa | 30 | Des Moines, 8; Cedar Rapids, 6; Davenport, 5. | 59 | 1 |
| 18. Kansas | 8 | Wichita, 3; Topeka, 3; Hiawatha, 2. | 17 | |
| 19. Kentucky | 16 | Louisville, 10; Lexington, 4; Paris, 4. | 35 | |
| 20. Louisiana | 2 | New Orleans, 2; Shreveport, 2. | 4 | |
| 21. Maine | 48 | Portland, 26; Bangor, 7; Belfast, 6; Calais, 6. | 107 | |
| 22. Maryland | 9 | Baltimore, 9; Annapolis, 2; Cumberland, 2. | 21 | |
| 23. Massachusetts | 234 | Worcester, 63; Boston, 58; Wellesley, 68. | 1,166 | 5 |
| 24. Michigan | 24 | Detroit, 18; Grand Rapids, 5; Kalamazoo, 5. | 60 | 1 |
| 25. Minnesota | 11 | Minneapolis, 35; Duluth, 12; St. Paul, 10. | 70 | 2 |
| 26. Mississippi | 6 | Natchez, 1; Port Gibson, 1; Jackson, 1. | 6 | |
| 27. Missouri | 10 | Kansas City, 24; St. Louis, 21; Kirkwood, 2. | 56 | 2 |
| 28. Montana | 4 | Great Falls, 1; Miles City, 1; Missoula, 2. | 5 | |
| 29. Nebraska | 10 | Omaha, 12; Lincoln, 3; Fremont, 2. | 24 | 1 |
| 30. Nevada | 3 | Carson City, 1; Ely, 1; Goldfield, 1. | 3 | |
| 31. New Hampshire | 41 | Dover, 11; Manchester, 10; Exeter, 6. | 103 | None |
| 32. New Jersey | 77 | Newark, 35; Montclair, 32; Plainfield, 15; Elizabeth, 8; East Orange, 17; Orange, 5; South Orange, 2. | 255 | None |
| 33. New York | 179 | New York, 127; Brooklyn, 82; Buffalo, 29. | 600 | 5 |
| 34. North Carolina | 11 | Charlotte, 4; Asheville, 3; Greensboro, 2. | 20 | |
| 35. North Dakota | 3 | Cogswell, Fargo, Grand Forks. | 3 | |
| 36. Ohio | 57 | Cleveland, 36; Cincinnati, 21; Columbus, 14. | 165 | 1 |
| 37. Oklahoma | 3 | Oklahoma City, 1; Muskogee, 1; Stillwater, 1. | 4 | |
| 38. Oregon | 6 | Portland, 14; Hood River, 2; Eugene, 2. | 21 | |
| 39. Pennsylvania | 109 | Philadelphia, 62; Pittsburgh, 35; Germantown, 26. | 345 | 3 |
| 40. Porto Rico | | | 2 | |
| 41. Rhode Island | 21 | Providence, 30; Newport, 14; Pawtucket, 12. | 90 | 1 |
| 42. South Carolina | 4 | Charleston, 2; Cheraw, 1; Columbia, 1. | 5 | |
| 43. South Dakota | 7 | Rapid City, 4; Sioux Falls, 1; Hot Springs, 1. | 7 | |
| 44. Tennessee | 7 | Nashville, 4; Memphis, 2; Knoxville, 1. | 12 | |
| 45. Texas | 16 | Dallas, 5; Houston, 3; Fort Worth, 2. | 26 | |
| 46. Utah | 1 | Salt Lake City. | 10 | |
| 47. Vermont | 31 | Burlington, 10; Montpelier, 2; Randolph, 3. | 51 | |
| 48. Virginia | 11 | Hampton, 4; Lynchburg, 2; Norfolk, 2. | 15 | |
| 49. Washington | 11 | Seattle, 10; Spokane, 7; Tacoma, 6. | 37 | 1 |
| 50. West Virginia | 6 | Fairmont, 2; New Cumberland, 2; Follansbee, 1. | 8 | |
| 51. Wisconsin | 15 | Milwaukee, 12; Madison, 5; Williams Bay, 2. | 32 | 1 |
| 52. Wyoming | 5 | Laramie, 3; Rawlins, 2; Cheyenne, 1. | 8 | |

## WELLESLEY ALUMNÆ IN FOREIGN CITIES.

| Country | Cities | Alumnæ |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Canada | | 19 |
| 2. Ceylon | | 1 |
| 3. China | | 12 |
| 4. England | | 9 |
| 5. France | Paris, 6; Cannes A.M., 1. | 7 |
| 6. Germany | Berlin, 1; Brannschweig, 1; Hamburg, 1; Munich, 1; Stuttgart, 1. | 5 |
| 7. India | | 6 |
| 8. Italy | Rene | 3 |
| 9. Japan | | 7 |
| 10. Korea | | 1 |
| 11. Mexico | | 3 |
| 12. Persia | Teheran | 1 |
| 13. Philippines | | 2 |
| 14. Porto Rico | | 2 |
| 15. Siam | | 1 |
| 16. Spain | | 3 |
| 17. South America | | 1 |
| 18. South India | | 5 |
| 19. Switzerland | | 1 |
| 20. Turkey | Constantinople | 5 |
| 21. Turkey in Asia | | 1 |
| 22. West Indies | | 2 |

## GEORGE MACDONALD.

I heard him preach in Oxford years ago,
  A snowy-haired and tender-faced apostle.
I watched the beech against the window blow,
  And listened to the throstle.

And still a waving branch to memory brings
  Those deepset eyes and drooping lids, as pressed
Upon too much by earthly visionings
  And wistful for their rest.

Still in the flutings of a thrush will sound
  Words that upon us then but lightly fell,
Because they were as simple and profound
  As some brief parable

Told by the Master to the hungry folk,
  While the disciples murmured, but the foam
Wrote it again on Patmos, and it spoke
  Above the rage of Rome.

KATHERINE LEE BATES.

Chambers' Journal, Edinburgh, January 4, 1913.

## THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

Those of us who are devoting our lives to the teaching of English literature have again to question ourselves for the faith that is in us, and for the way we are imparting that faith to the young people of our schools and colleges. Sir Gilbert Parker is the latest author and critic who calls us to the bar of judgment and bids us say why we are following a method hostile to the originality and independence of the student. According to the Manchester Guardian he says:

"The trouble is that a sort of mandarin learning tends to settle on English literature when it is badly taught, and turns it into a subject about as stimulating to the mind as the collection of postage stamps or cigarette pictures. Badly taught, it accumulates a minute lore of small facts and allusions, and, worse still, it has settled exactly the relationship of every writer to every other writer, his indebtedness to every influence, and exactly what the student ought to think of him. The whole thing could be learned by heart by any one with a good memory without reading a single line of English except the illustrative quotations."

This may be true in England. The criticism is also doubtless true for some American schools and colleges. There are poor teachers in every subject, and the number of really inspired teachers of literature is about as small as the number of inspired preachers, lawyers, doctors, or merchants. But in the United States there are at present, I believe, not many who teach by accumulating "a minute lore of small facts and allusions," who settle "the relationship of every writer to every other writer," and who "tell the student exactly what he ought to think." And if they do so teach, it is usually because they are not allowed time to command any other method.

The right teaching of literature requires more leisure than does that of any other subject—the kind of leisure Thoreau had in his so-called lost time—the leisure to brood over and live into the work of your author. Time is not given to some teachers, especially in our high schools, so to grow in knowledge and sympathy. They must hurry through their preparation, and facts are the easiest and quickest parts to prepare, so they give of what they have made ready. But this cut-and-dried method has, indeed, almost entirely given place to the interpretative lecture, after the manner of Addison when he sought to make Milton known to his readers, or of Gilbert Murray in his illuminating discussions of Euripides, or to the class-room discussion where the instructor reads, questions, objects, suggests.

Wordsworth sent forth his poems "to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think and feel, and, therefore, to become more actively and securely virtuous." He gives us here, I find, a clear and full definition of the purpose of the teacher of literature. This would satisfy Sir Gilbert Parker, for if a student has open eyes and keen sympathy, steadied by a thinking mind, all the originality and independence of which he is capable will come into play.

Young people are quite willing to feel regarding literature, to enter into the emotions of the men and women about whom they are reading; indeed, they think that is all literature is for. But to teach him to observe as he reads, to observe rightly and carefully nature, human society, the passions and ambitions of men, the ways of God to man; to lead him to open his eyes and look at the things and the people about him in order to test the author's truthfulness; in order to form his own opinion of what it means to be actively and securely virtuous—this, it seems to me, is what the teachers of literature are striving to accomplish, a most difficult thing to do; and this is where they have gratefully gone to school to the scientist and adopted his method.

Moreover, and harder still, is the task of making the student not only see but think, compare, reason about what he finds in the literature he has in mind, as it relates to the world in which he and the author have lived. Coleridge says of one of his teachers: "I learned from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest, and, seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science; and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more and more fugitive causes. In the truly great poet, he

would say, there is a reason assignable, not only for every word, but for the position of every word." To lead the student to understand this, to help him in forming the habit of so approaching every great author, this is to train him for right living. This is such study as Ruskin, in his reading of the passage from Lycidas, points out to teachers and young people, is the only kind of productive study.

The training of the feelings, the sympathy, the will power, the taste, may indeed be the ultimate goal, but this can never be reached unaccompanied by accurate habits of weighing words, of understanding exact meanings, of knowing the thoughts on which the poem or play is based, of learning indeed much that the author himself had patiently learned. The training of the logical faculty through the medium of literature is what the student resists with all his power; he must think in mathematics or science, and he feels himself entitled in literature to find pleasurable repose. To teach him to think is more difficult than to lead him to see or feel, but this, too, must be done if he is rightly to love literature, if he is to be ever after an intelligent reader of books.

Such severe training our teachers of literature are seeking to give their students, whether by lecture or classroom discussion, in the hope that they will develop in them some measure of originality and independence.

LAURA E. LOCKWOOD,

In the New York Times.

## THE OUTLET.

"You ask me why I want a Vocational Bureau at Wellesley and how I think it might be established.

I believe that there is much needless suffering among women who do not understand themselves,—their limitations and possibilities. Sanitariums are springing up all over this country and are waxing fat because we do not find out in our early days what particular duties we, as individuals, were created for in this world. Many lives are shattered because we try to be ships when we were meant to go on wheels, and we wish to be reformers when we might fulfil our destiny as bookbinders or as expert chemists. The city of Boston is meeting this need by establishing Vocational Bureaus in the public schools. The Appointment Bureau of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston and the Inter-Collegiate Bureaus of New York and Chicago are all evidences of this same desire to find the niches for which our heritage and training have fitted us. How many of us realize, I wonder, that there are nearly nine hundred gainful occupations now open to women? In Boston a feeble-minded boy was found to have a liking for gems, and was trained to be a judge of precious stones. To-day he is in the employ of one of the largest jewelry stores in Boston. Although he is helpless in many ways, he is earning a salary of thousands of dollars and this man who might have been a care and menace to the community is serving his fellows,—his salvation was one of the first fruits of the Boston Public School Vocational Bureaus. It is to be hoped that Wellesley has no feeble-minded students,—yet she undoubtedly has one-talent or five-talent women, who through the Vocational Bureau may be lead to place their talents where they will gain other talents.

How shall we establish this Bureau at Wellesley, and who shall finance it? The Alumnæ Association apparently can take no other obligations at present. But it has the right, has it not, to endorse other enterprises, as, for instance it is doing with the Wellesley Work in North China?

I should suggest that for the first year, some official of the College be induced to give part of her time to this admirable work and that a sum necessary for helping her to do this be raised by subscriptions from members of the Alumnæ Association and other friends of Wellesley College.

AN ALUMNA.

I disagree entirely from the statement that "it would not pay" to have illustrated lectures about Wellesley given by Wellesley Clubs before preparatory school girls. I am not advocating them at the main building at Wellesley for the benefit

of Dana Hall girls, or even at Chicago for the benefit of Oak Park residents, but for the High School girls in Nevada and Texas and Wyoming and California and South Dakota. From the calendar for 1911-1912 not six per cent. of the students came from the states between the Rockies and the Pacific and of that 55 Colorado and California sent 30. And from the Middle West states came only eight per cent. of the 1,300 and odd registered students. That left eighty-six per cent. of all the students coming east of the Mississippi and from one-fourth of the territory of the United States. If Wellesley is to be national in scope, that other three-fourths of the United States should be better represented. It is good neither for an institution nor its students to keep to such a restricted territory, with its individual point of view bred in more closely with each entering class. We should be in close touch with western preparatory schools where problems are and get out some of the many girls that with those of the East go to Leland Stanford and Washington University and other state institutions. It is good to send back to the western state the Wellesley graduate, it is equally good to Wellesley to have the western girl.

A Western Alumna.

Is it necessary for the Graduate Council to discuss some phase of Wellesley decidedly interesting to all Wellesley Alumnæ and then request no mention made of the matter outside? The only way to keep a secret is to keep it and I have yet to find many topics touched on at some Wellesley meeting of any interest to Alumnæ that are not eventually being discussed through the mail by a wide group of Alumnæ. And we get not the actual report or discussion, but one altered by repetition or colored by the retailer's personality. It is a farce to say, "Don't mention it." Why, if discussed at all should not the paper be reported direct? If the object of the Graduate Council is to keep Alumnæ informed of College matters it will never be obtained by comfining discussion to that small group of Alumnæ that attend.

An Old Alumna.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

"A Wayfarer in China," Elizabeth Kendall. Houghton, Mifflin Company. Price $2.50.

The story of Miss Kendall's remarkable journey across China, from the extreme south to the extreme north, through Tonking, the western provinces, Yunnan and Szechuan, over the desert of Gobi, and on to the Siberian railway, will interest people far and wide. To Wellesley readers who have met, or even accompanied Miss Kendall and her dog on some of the "lesser trails" of our countryside, the book will bring especial delight, touched with pride.

It is all alive with fresh sense of adventure, zest in the open road, joy in new places and new faces; the very chapter headings tug at one's imagination, and fill one with desire to follow: "On the Mandarin Road; The Lesser Trail; Omei Shan, the Sacred; From the Great River to the Great Wall; The Mongolian Grassland; Urga, the Sacred City." In the words of Keats:

"The very music of the name(s) has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys."

Many a delightful glimpse is afforded the reader, of Jack and his mistress upon their travels, and there is fascination in following the familiar figures through strange scene after scene. Some of us now and then read "Wallace" for "Jack," and the red-brown coat of the little Irish terrier changes to the shaggy black and white of the collie, but the expression of the two companions is always much the same.

Now we watch the caravan starting from Yunnan-fu,—six chair men, six baggage carriers, the "fu t'ou," or caravan headman; now climbing pine-clad hills, past April roses and unknown flowers; now we see the traveller taking possession for a sleeping place of a shrine in a stable yard, having the pigs driven away, and the pony installed in their place.

With the wayfarers we skirt the lower slopes of Ta Shueh Shan, or the Great

Snow Mountains, the outposts of the Tibetan Plateau, getting "a brief, magnificent view of the snowy peaks towering more than fifteen thousand feet above our heads." Spellbound, we follow from the "rose-red city of Chia-ting" to Omei, the sacred mountain, a "marvel of beauty and grandeur rising stark from the plain," "lifting its crown ten thousand feet above our heads. Did ever pilgrim tread a more beautiful path to the Delectable Mountains? And there were so many pilgrims, men and women, all clad in their best, with the joy of a holiday shining in their faces." And we too feel that we spend charmed days and nights in the Buddhist monastery, "The Golden Hall of the True Summit."

Again we find Jack and his mistress at Peking, having a run on the Great Wall before breakfast. There are amusing glimpses now and then. "A Peking car may have other and better uses, but as an instrument of torture it is unrivalled. You crawl in on hands and knees, and then painfully screw yourself round and so sit cross-legged, or with feet outstretched if there is room, your head only escaping the top as you crane your neck to catch the view or to get a bit of fresh air."

We follow the train from Kalgan, up to the great Mongolian plateau. "The wind that cooled my face had blown over thousands of miles of prairie and desert. The long lines of stately, shambling camels, the great droves of sheep herded by wild-looking men on sturdy little ponies told of an open country. Each mile led deeper and deeper into the rolling grassland and the barren waste of Gobi, and between me and the next town lay nearly seven hundred miles of treeless plain and barren sand."

"Oh, the joy of those gallops with the horsemen of the desert! For the moment you are mad. Your nomad ancestors—we all have them—awake in you, and it is touch and go, but you turn your back forever on duties and dining . . . . The wonder of those Mongolian nights! . . Lying wrapped in rugs in my narrow camp-bed before the doors open to the night wind, I fell asleep in the silence of the limitless space of the desert, and woke only as the stars were fading in the sky."

There are many aspects in which the book might be taken up. It is most valuable because of the information that it brings in regard to conditions in China and the relations of China to her neighbors; one gets a clearer idea of the achievements of the French in the south, of the threatened advance of the Russians in the north. The book will contribute much to a better understanding of this wonderful people, now at a time when they become doubly interesting as they change from the old regime to the new. Those of us whose ideas of the Chinese rest largely on hazy reminiscences of the Boxer uprising, and the terrible, earlier tale of the missionary lady who was carried about in a cage, will be greatly benefited by Miss Kendall's interpretation of the Chinaman as gentle, intelligent, amenable to discipline, scrupulously honest, and conscientious in the performance of his duty.

To the majority of the readers the most remarkable thing about the journey is the courage shown, and to many it will doubtless seem as extraordinary a feat for a woman, alone, as is the discovery of the North or South Pole to a man. Miss Kendall says that there was nothing to fear; may I suggest that she does not know the meaning of the word? I can remember the time when I helped drag her from the back of one of the "perfectly trained riding horses" on a Colorado ranch, which had sat down, preparing to roll in order to get her off his back. Bent on making him do her will, she was unaware apparently that there was anything to fear and the minute he rose, she mounted him again. Most women would have found something to fear in those lonely nights and days in the waste stretches; in the fords where swift currents almost carried the horses away; in the adventure wherein the drunken Russian driver, unaware what he was doing, drove into the river, and the equipage began to turn over. One can sympathize perfectly with the servant at Peking who declined to go on this expedition with a lady, on the ground "that he would have to be braver than she!"

For me the greatest charm in all the book is its simple friendliness, its understanding sympathy with man and beast. Miss Kendall apparently made friends with everything and everybody along the way: Chinese coolies; the Lolos, "half-tame wild men;" Mongolian lamas in their

yurts or tents; wild-looking horsemen of the desert; and "the old red lama, mounted on a camel and bound for Urga," who was permitted to sleep with the traveller's men, at times to share the shelter of the tent, and was supplied with cigarettes. Her interest in the ways and doings of these people has no trace of condescension, no touch of "class consciousness;" it shows throughout deep interest in humanity. One wonders sometimes if the people who crowded in town or village to see the wayfarer did not bestow upon her the wondering admiration that she reads in their attitude toward Jack,— "so small, so brave, and so friendly."

MARGARET SHERWOOD.

"GABRIEL. A PAGEANT OF VIGIL," Isabelle Howe Fiske, Portland, Me. The Mosher Press.

When a poem deals with the supernatural world, particularly when it introduces the character of the deity, it faces very distinct dangers. We are all sufficiently well acquainted with the classic representation of gods and goddesses, and we realize how thoroughly their writers fell into the difficulty of not being able to present them without making them too human. We are accustomed to the idea that the Greeks and Romans thought of their gods as men and women with enlarged powers. We know that Jehovah of the Hebrews showed some very human traits. Christianity endeavors to remedy this by an elimination of the attribute of evil, and an intensification of the attributes of good and of power—eternal, infinite, omnipotent, omniscient. Man can repeat these terms, but he cannot comprehend them. He can only understand God in terms of man. All else is simply an expression of the negation of finite attributes. Strange as it seems, a race of men who believe in the permanency of good, find it far easier to imagine and to portray the person of Lucifer than the person of God. Thus the poet faces a double difficulty. He must not make his divine characters human, and he must not make them negative or "wooden." He must by the magic of his art create a mean which will satisfy the imagination of his readers. Shelley of all poets possessed the power to portray superhuman characters, and his "Prometheus Unbound" breathes the atmosphere of larger worlds than ours.

The atmosphere of the supernatural world pervades this poem of Gabriel, the archangel. At times the ramparts of the Holy City appear. With Miltonic freedom, angels and archangels are seen, and with a nice discrimination each is accorded his proper place. The dramatic effect of the poem is immensely strengthened by the fact that the greatest characters, God, Messiah, Lucifer and Michael do not appear—even the struggle between Michael and Lucifer is only related—though their names are ever on the lips of the angels. The poem attempts so much that it is almost beyond possibility that it should wholly accomplish its purpose. That the author has achieved so much success in guiding her bark between the difficult shoals is a matter for sincere congratulation. It is her vision which is revealed with radiant clearness at times, which gives to the poem its power. To maintain the high level of spiritual revelation involves a certain monotony, which would become tedious, were it not for the passion of suffering in the poem. The author seeks one dominant characteristic by which to make her characters real and yet retain their divine character, and she chooses that of suffering. Being immortals their intensified powers give them an intensified ability to suffer. It is an evidence of the author's artistic sense that in this way she escapes either danger point. Gabriel being nearest to God and Messiah, is able to understand and to suffer more acutely than the others, and so he broods over the earth, where Messiah suffers, forgetful of the heavenly hosts. It is Gabriel, too, who in heaven plays earth music. It is in this character that the poet achieves her most vital success.

The poem is hampered by a lack of flexibility in the verse. At times the verse masters the poet, and throughout there is not sufficient freedom in her handling of the metre. It is studied rather than spontaneous. Her poetic vision is true, however, and there is much that is fine in the dramatic essence of the poem, the obedience to duty of the Angel of the Star, the tortured submission of the Angel of the Throne, and the superhuman sympathy and understanding of Gabriel. The faults are those which can be remedied, and the poem promises much for the future work of the poet.—From the Boston Transcript.

## IN MEMORIAM.

LEO: A YELLOW CAT.

If, to your twilight land of dream,—
    Persephone, Persephone,
Drifting with all your shadow host,—
Dim sunlight comes with sudden gleam,
And you lift veilèd eyes to see
Slip past a little golden ghost,
That wakes a sense of springing flowers,
Of nesting birds, and lambs new-born,
Of spring astir in quickening hours,
And young blades of Demeter's corn;
For joy of that sweet glimpse of sun,
O goddess of unnumbered dead,
Give one soft touch,—if only one,—
To that uplifted, pleading head!
Whisper some kindly word, to bless
A wistful soul who understands
That life is but one long caress
Of gentle words and gentle hands.

MARGARET SHERWOOD,
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# UNDERGRADUATE DEPARTMENT.

## THE LEADING ROAD.

*Characters:*

An Old Man. A Circus Troop.
A Grey Nun. A Dancer.

*Place:* A level road which dips away to the right into a deep valley.

*Time:* Late afternoon.

(Enter an old man.)

*Old Man:* How long this lagging quest is doomed to be
I cannot tell; my feet have wandered far,
But farther far to-day my old, old heart.
Weary, weary, both and dry and burned,
The one with white, hot sand, with tears the other.
Against the fettered blindness of mine eyes
My burning brain doth beat. I find her not.
Arouse, tired heart, and onward, weary feet!
Or rather rest a moment here, and lose
Your weariness beneath this laurel bush
That lays like gentle, stroking hands its odours
Over my face. Sweet are thy blossoms, laurel,
Almost I think I see them. Are they still
As white, as pinkly hearted as when last
I saw them; or have their pink hearts gushed red
With ceaseless wounds, as mine hath done with sorrow?
Cool-lipped and sweet they are, thy blossoms, laurel,
But not so sweet as Rosalyn, my daughter—
How to my hands her shimmering hair did cling
And shower its gold between my spreading palms!

(Enter a grey nun quietly, who pauses as she sees the old man.)

But I recall myself.—Is this a glade
An open land, forest, hill-top or meadow?
And where the nearest inn?

*Nun:* Three miles beyond.

*Old Man:* Who speaks there! Hail! A woman surely.
Madame, I crave your pardon; I am blind.

*Nun:* I am aware, good father and distressed,
Tell me thy sorrow! I am one whose custom
Is to walk the highways bearing aid
To such as need my succour.

*Old Man:* Thou art kind,
For grave thy voice is. Tell me, hast thou seen
Aught of my daughter? Many years ago
When Spring and Youth beat hotly, she did beg
To leave me; leave me alone a little space
That she might fly away to sip of knowledge,
Knowledge beyond the lilac bloom and cypress
Of our garden.

*Nun:* Aye, that is ever so.

*Old Man:* But straightway as she asked, my loneliness
Sprang to my throat. The summer days I felt
Go dragging by, decaying into autumn,
Felt the dreary echoing of the fountain,
And the cypress withering unheeded, while
Against the dimming distance mountains barred
That world I used to long for. Still she pled,
Saying the garden was to her a sepulchre,
But for my love—and I—

*Nun:* Did let her go?

*Old Man:* Aye, for the space alone of four short years.

*Nun:* And did she not return?

*Old Man:* She did not come,
Although I watched and counted every day
The sun hours that the cypress shadows made
Creeping along the flagging, crack to crack.
It seemed the robin's song would never cease
Its twirling twitter, change to the Maying song
Of the oriole, the oriole to thrush,
The thrush notes to the wrangling, rasping coughs
Of the autumn crow. So every following year
Until the time was passed, I waited thus.
But still she did not come. And then—

*Nun:* And then?

*Old Man:* I threw my pack upon my trembling shoulders
Set forth, across the mountains, through the flames
Of open plains,—ever with panting hounds
Nosing the staggering tracks of my old age.

*Nun:* And for how long, good father, hath this been?

*Old Man:* Three years, my sister, I have wandered east
Toward the sunrise which for three long years
I have not seen.

*Nun:* Three years hast thou been blind?

*Old Man:* Yea, night closed in on me the very day
She should have come.

*Nun:* And may I ask, good sir,
The means you take to find her, being blind?

*Old Man:* I ask along the way. They cannot miss her
Who once have seen her, for she is so fair.
Golden her hair in rings that cluster thick
Over her forehead. Blue are her eyes and shine
With wonder, wistfulness, dreams and that strange look
The hungry wear. She is most shy and innocent.

*Nun:* But that was years ago; she may have changed.

*Old Man:* She could not. She was ever thus, and will be
Until she dies.

*Nun:* Love is a most strange sorcerer;
Change in his hand becomes as marble,—changeless.

*Old Man:* Listen, sister! What is that?

(Sound of music in the distance.)

*Nun:* A travelling troop,
A circus! They are coming up this way.

*Old Man:* Then I will go! I cannot bear their lightness.
Nay, rather let me stay; they may have seen
My daughter in their wanderings.

(Music grows louder and wilder. Enter from opposite side several little boys shouting and tossing their caps. A dog rushes about them.)

*First boy:* A circus! a circus!

*Others* (running out towards music): Hurray!

(Enter a clown singing.)

Make merry, make merry, make merry!
We're on the way to town!
No burdens do we carry
But bells and girls and sherry.
Be merry, be merry, be merry!
We're on the way to town!

(Shouts. Enter a troop of girls and men in gorgeous costumes, a punch-and-judy cart and a band of musicians. Several dancers spring to edge of road and pirouette, laughing while the men shout. One of the dancers, the gayest, with red, flying curls, and clad in short green dress and yellow stockings, points to the old man and the nun under the laurel.)

*Dancer:* Oh see! The old man and the nun! Let's have some fun!

(She begins dancing. The men and girls flock about her. Sings:)

We're on the way to town,
The men, the girls and the clown,
And we shall not tell, though we know it well
Whether we go by the way of hell,
Travelling down to town.

*Men* (joining): Travelling down to town.

(Old man leaps up and feels his way with his cane into the crowd.)

*Old man:* Stop curs! Profane ones, stop, I say!—and tell me,
Only tell me, have ye seen my daughter?
Seven years she is lost—

(Dancer cringes, shrinking back behind the clown.)

*Old Man:* The voice that I heard singing!
Like my child's voice, and yet so different—

*Dancer* (whispering to herself): Father!

(There is dead silence. The crowd falls away as the nun advances and takes the center of the road.)

*Nun:* Open thine eyes, old man, for this is she.

*Old man* (suddenly seeing): The darkness falls away and I behold her!
And yet, it is not she! Rosalyn! Rosalyn!

*Rosalyn:* My father! Is it thou? I knew thee not!
I did not dream that thou couldst be so old.

*Nun:* Farewell, and at thy bidding I will come.

(Crowd slinks out at right. Nun follows. Daughter and father alone.)

*Old Man:* Rosalyn, my daughter!

*Rosalyn:* Father, hold me not!
This is my life, the life that I have chosen.

(Looks longingly after retreating troop.)

*Old Man:* Little girl! Yet little girl no longer.
Traitor daughter rather! Rosalyn! Rosalyn!
I will not tell thee how for seven years
I have wandered, seeking thee. My pride forbids.
My daughter! Mine? Rather the shameless child
Of maddest Lust and wildest Wickedness.

*Rosalyn:* Father, forbear! I bid you grant me justice.
How many a time I longed to go to you,
And yet I could not. Other voices called,
Called with a stronger urgency than yours.
I was not born to die and buried lie
Caged in the casket of your old, old years
While the whole world with rapid knuckles beat
Upon the riven lid of that still cell.
How many a night, my father, shelterless
I've listened through the wind that licked my soul,
That wailing wind that numbs the homeless heart,
Listened to hear, perchance, the whispering
Of sounds of home, our home, our cypresses,
The sound, the merest whisper of your love.
Yet may you know, since now you see me thus
Stript of the fancies of your old desires
That I have chosen this same bitter life,
Light, shadow, struggle, joy and wickedness.
For I have heard the cry of new-born dreams,
Of homeless world-born dreams that must be fed—
Fed with the fruits of failure dead long since
And with the fruit of pain and fear and tears,
Of mingled mirth and madness, folly, wit,
Crushed and extracted. If this mixture make
That crying less, I give it to the world,
And giving it, I have not lived in vain.

*Old Man:* Thou art a fool, O girl, a simple fool.
I should have told thee hadst thou come to me,
What is the end of all these idle dreams;
Sorrow, defeat, a shameful, foolish life.
All this I know and should have told you all,
For on this road full many years ago.
I did myself set out.

*Rosalyn:* My father dear,
That did I know, and that the reason why
I came not home to hear it. Thou wouldst have pled
And I remained, whiling away the hours
The cypress shadows make upon the walks,
Hearing the dreaming, buckling fountains sound
Echoes of all the mocking years wherein
Such ageless echoes, dreams and fragrances
Have lingered in the shadows on the lawns.
We should have dreamed the drowsy hours away
With books and birds and swallow-notes, the while,
Beyond our cypresses, would sound the cries,
The distant, wailing cries of tortured things
That cringe and creep beneath the city dungeons.

*Old Man:* And yet—I cannot say it! Stabbed is my pride.

*Rosalyn:* For that great wrong, my father, pardon me,
The wrong thou didst thy father and thine his.
It is the wrong we do our younger dreams.
We leave our oldest love, our heart's desires,
Along the leading road, and carry with us
Only memories.

*Old Man* (in a changed voice, after a pause):

Daughter, thou speakest truth.
Well I remember what my father said
When I did leave him many years ago.
"Peace on you, son. I warn you not to seek
Where all have failed." Yet I did go and seek
And on the way, behold, I found your mother.
Daughter, I now am old as thou hast said,
And my young dreams have flown away to thee.
Take them along with thee to that great end
Where once I wist all dreams were wayfaring,—
But now before you go, come gaze with me
Into the sunset which for seven years
I have not seen for tears and later blindness.
In its crimson, daughter, purge thy soul.

*Rosalyn:* Red as the thousand hearts that bleed in vain.

*Old Man:* Doth not the deepening sky betoken rest?

*Rosalyn:* Rest for such as we, my father, but below
The city never rests; it never rests.

*Old Man:* That one clear star is surely there for peace.

*Rosalyn:* The planet Mars?

*Old Man:* But see, a shepherd's robe,
The folding mist that drapes the city lights.

*Rosalyn:* Nay, 'tis but mist that veils the night's pollution.
The lights you see that try to twinkle through
Struggle for life, and choke and shake with life.

(Music in the distance.)

Hark! The troop has started; I am left.
The leading road goes dark—

(Enter clown).

*Clown:* En avant, my leddie!
The troop has finished supper and is off,
Forgetting the fairest damsel of them all;
But I forget not. Come, leave the old kern!

*Rosalyn:* Father, may I go?

*Old Man:* Be it as thou wilt.

*Rosalyn:* And with thy blessing?

*Old Man:* Always with thee, child.

(Rosalyn exit with clown).

*Old Man:* Thou hast my blessing as my early dreams,
And thou must go. Well, then, farewell, my child.
Thou and my dreams, and happiness and all.
There is naught left but night and grief and death,—
To swathe my head in thy grey mantle, Grief.
O grey nun Grief, quickly bring in the night
With this strange glory still within my breast.

(Singing.)

Make merry, make merry, make merry!
We're on the way to town!
No burdens do we carry
But bells and girls and sherry.
Be merry, be merry, be merry!
We're on the way to town!

(Music dies away in the distance. Lights from the city twinkle up through the mist. The old man turns from gazing down the hill, sits down under the laurel bush and covers his head with his robe.)

CURTAIN. MARY MOENCH, 1914.

## "THE TEST OF THE HEART."

(Sequel to The Idealist.)

The early spring rain beat against the long windows of the studio and swept in gusts across the great skylight. Franklin was sitting at a big flat-top desk at one end, trying vainly to write. His nervous fingers strayed from one sheet to another of the many that littered the desk.

The studio had grown too dark to enable him to distinguish one line from another, when the long-awaited knock sounded. A young girl entered as he called his greeting and switched on the heavily shaded lights.

"Dorothy! I've been waiting for you all the afternoon," he said, walking back toward his desk.

"Uncle Dave! Oh, Uncle Dave, have you heard about Gerald?" Her voice trembled and she could only just suppress the tears.

"Sit down, child, and tell me all about it. Here in this big chair, and wait! You needn't try to talk yet—"

"I'd much rather start right in and get it over. It's so terrible! So awful!" And in spite of her efforts the tears rolled down her cheeks. "Of course you know about the trouble at the bank—the whole city knows it. The shortage was all accounted for this morning when they found some papers that Gerald thought he destroyed. He took it! Every cent—Uncle Dave."

The man made as if to speak twice, and twice changed his mind. The girl raised her head in a moment and went on, "I haven't seen the family yet—came right here from Marion's bridge party. Kirk, he's Gerald's cousin, you know, came there for me and told me. He was afraid I might hear it from some one else, or read the papers. And you know what the family will say—Father never cared particularly for Gerald.

"But you know the awful thing isn't what anyone can say or think. It's being so dreadfully disappointed in some one you've cared so much for and trusted so. Oh Uncle Dave, what ever am I to do?"

The man moved over to one of the big windows and looked out into the rainy twilight, where the numberless lights of the city were beginning to sparkle. He stood there several minutes till the girl's sobbing ceased. Then he sat down again in the chair before his desk and began to speak, nervously and rapidly at first, then more slowly, with great sympathy in his voice.

"It is a terrible thing, Dorothy! An awful beginning for a young man to make of his life. And yet after all it is far more natural than terrible."

"I don't see anything natural in being a plain thief!" she objected, and for the first time there crept a note of scorn into her voice.

"It was quite natural—and very wrong," the man insisted. "Did you ever think of your family and yourself objectively, just as mere human beings? You come of a long line of people whose name is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific as a financial power. Money means absolutely nothing to you. You haven't the faintest idea whether a man in ordinary circumstances would have to work an hour or a year to purchase the plume, for instance, in your hat. Dorothy, anyone who looked at you would know what an expensive wife you'd make. It isn't your fault that you couldn't live except in luxury, and yet the fact remains that you couldn't.

"Do you suppose that Gerald didn't know this and understand it even better than I? No one can ever realize the cost of luxurious living quite so vividly as the man of modest means about to marry and support a very wealthy wife.

"Gerald needed that money toward starting your home, and he took it. It is very simple. All men try to produce a living for their women and when honest means fail they are terribly likely to try other ways. Men make and are willing to make big sacrifices to have homes—homes that will please the girl for whom they build them."

The girl was watching him closely now and remembering some things that Gerald and Kirk had told her of this man who once had bidden fair to be a very great painter, who had laid aside palette and brush because, forsooth, he, who cared little or nothing for money, could make a great deal more in popular literature, Gerald himself had told her of his last and greatest painting that won the Lansing

prize in London, and he had added rather brutally that had her aunt not married David Franklin he would have been a very great man. It was of his own great sacrifice that she was thinking when she asked, "But why sacrifice honor, Uncle Dave? And so deliberately!"

Franklin answered her slowly, "Gerald did a terrible thing, but in one sense he was no more to blame than a locomotive that runs over an open switch and is derailed, The person behind the locomotive is to blame—not the engine."

It was a long time before the girl dared to speak. She remembered another day in the studio when she had brought Gerald to meet this uncle in whose opinions she had such faith. In the thoughtless exuberance of youth they had asked to see the great painting, then just back from London, and not until now did she understand why he had changed the subject.

"If I am really to blame, and have made him believe that I care so much for money, and the things that it can buy, that I would rather have it than his good name and honor, if I really have made him think I'm that kind of a girl, and maybe for a little while I've almost been that kind of a person, why now, what am I to do? Father will make me break the engagement immediately."

"There are two things you might do; the first is to forgive him—"

"That you know I have done already," she answered proudly.

"And the second is to marry him."

"How can I for years? Won't they put him in prison or something?"

"Kirk and I went down this morning, and found that by getting together the amount of the shortage and straightening up the books, we could persuade the directors not to prosecute him. He is free to come and go as he likes. It is, of course, advisable that he start again somewhere else.

"By marrying him you will stand by him at the moment when most he needs you. With you at his right hand, the world that looks entirely upside down to him to-night, will gradually right itself, until he finds at last that the world has to give to each man exactly the measure of success that is his in exchange for his labors, and no more. You will show him, too, that the sacrifice he tried to make for you, though misguided and wrong, touched you beyond all words, because he did it for you. He has had his lesson, what he needs now is trusting."

The girl was silent. At last she rose and moved over to his desk and touched the littered papers there almost caressingly.

"Uncle Dave, are you sure I'd be doing right to run away with Gerald?—that's the only way I could ever marry him now."

"That's something you'll have to decide for yourself. Gerald needs you now as he will never need you again. If you go with him and live entirely on something less than what your clothes alone cost you now, you could make quite a thing of both your lives. If you wait for him to make enough to keep you as, say Marion and Jack live, it will be a long wait."

Dorothy moved about the studio restlessly several minutes and then came back to where Franklin was playing aimlessly with a paper-knife.

"Dorothy," he asked as she stopped beside him, "would you like to see the Lansing Prize Painting?"

Together they looked at the great canvas where Franklin had painted so wonderful a portrait of his wife that Sargent himself had declared it rivaled his best work. Anne Franklin was first of all a very beautiful woman, but in her eyes and smile and very pose the innate shallowness of her nature seemed to be revealed almost in spite of the artist's desire. There was a reflection in a long pier glass of a very different woman, with the same features, coloring and dress, but with a glorified expression of great sympathy, tenderness and understanding; the man in the background looked, however, toward the woman herself, and in his face was written, large, the nature that was able to love Anne Franklin, devotedly, for herself.

Dorothy drew closer to Franklin. "Aunt Anne and I are somewhat alike, but superficial things don't mean all that to me. Dear Uncle Dave, Gerald's trouble shan't ever include any of this." And she kissed him tenderly.

It was Franklin who found the minister, called for the bride and summoned the groom. It was he who left them alone in the vestry of the church until there remained barely time to accomplish the ceremony and make the train. It was he

who saw them off in the big crowded depot and thrust their tickets into Gerald's hand. Between him and Gerald there was no need for words: each had seen a long way into the other's life that day, and the older man noted with satisfaction that Gerald looked not only worn and tired, but older, more self-reliant and determined.

As for Dorothy, Franklin thought he had never seen her when she looked so beautiful.

"Do you like my hat and suit, Uncle Dave?" she asked mischievously.

"Very much," he answered and wished he could think of something more to say. He was troubled lest now at the last minute the girl should miss her family too much.

"They are two years old," she declared and added with vast pride, "and so is everything I put in my trunks!" She laughed gayly, and Gerald smiled and believed that he appreciated the courage that had made that choice possible.

Franklin was still debating in the late evening how he should break the news to Dorothy's family when his wife came into the studio carrying a telegram.

"Have you heard about Dorothy's elopement? She and Gerald were married to-night and are on their way to Chicago. What on earth do you suppose her father will say?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," Franklin replied and drew her down upon his knee.

"Isn't she a brave girl!"

"She certainly is! And she's a great many other things beside, such as sensible and loyal and true."

"She must love him a very great deal," Anne mused as her husband's arm tightened around her.

"Any more than he loves her?" he queried.

BARBARA M. HAHN, 1913.

## TO ALFRED NOYES.

I.

Poet of our Mother Country, bard from across the seas,
Who hath opened our eyes to the romance of fitful gusts in the trees—
Of highwaymen and pirates—of evenings cool and still,—
    We hear your sweet voice ringing—
    Ringing—ringing—
Our hearts with the music ringing—remembering its thrill.

II.

The red and yellow unicorn, the seamen stiff with fear,
The quiet charm of Oxford, the peace-song ringing clear,—
All live within our memory, delight anew each day,
    And we hear your voice like music—
    Like throbbing memory music—
We hear your voice like music, and it brightens all our way.

MARY ROSA, 1914.

## THE SEA FOG.

RUSSELL'S mother had grown used to pushing his wheeled chair over this same cliff road down to the sea, during their almost daily trips there, but this morning she seemed to have forgotten her knack of avoiding the roughness in the road. Her poor brain was flaming with the words of a letter which she had just thrust into her blouse before she started, and her eyes, so full of anguish and bitterness, were not on the road ahead. She did not notice how the chair bumped, nor how unnecessarily quick her pace was, until the little boy gave her a hint from his couch of pillows.

"Mother, would you mind if we stopped a couple of minutes? I—I'd like to watch the birds."

She turned him more carefully towards the sea where he could keep his eyes on the shining white gulls; then seated herself on a rock by his side, and gazed out over the water with eyes full of a fierce pain. The gulls swooped and fell in great, free circles, and the strength of their wings, the slow sureness of their flight, woke in the helpless boy a queer, dumb excitement. But he had learned how to force back this restlessness just before it should actually set him to trembling; and his way was to fill his vision with the sure swinging of the sea, till the steady upsweep of the water into ceaseless waves made him quiet again. This afternoon he watched it all very lovingly, for a fog was creeping in, and he tilted his white face up to meet its caress. The shining gulls swirled vaguely into the grayness and, with his eyes still following them, he put his hand down to his mother in a friendly little gesture. He thought it strange that she should catch it so hard against her lips, but he remembered that father had once told him that it was kinder not to demand explanations when people did those things that he didn't understand, so he waited until she spoke.

"What is it, little man?" she asked, after a minute.

"Nothing, much—I was just thinking smiling things, motherdy; and holding your hand is a very smiling thing. And another one is the way the fog comes in and gentles everything over, like dreams. No, not just like dreams, either; I think it's—like—forgetting things. See, that big rock out there is just being forgotten—there! there goes its edge! When I am well, motherdy, I am going out on that rock and be forgotten in a fog. I think it is a soft feeling. Here you can always see the cliff, and sometimes the house, so it really isn't the same."

His mother smoothed a light shawl over him to keep the dampness off, and stood a moment facing the fog-smothered sea before turning homeward.

"When you are well, dear, you will have to spend a long time in learning to walk and run before you can begin to climb rocks. You mustn't expect to do it too soon." He turned his face up to her eagerly.

"Next summer I can do it anyway, motherdy, can't I? Those men that fixed my back said I could learn to walk by the time father came home, you know; and he said he'd teach me as soon as he got back if I was strong enough."

His mother wheeled his chair about quickly and started back over the cliff road. He could not guess why she caught her lip like that, nor why her eyes looked so dark and so bright at the same time; but he did not ask her. Once her hand went to the front of her dress and fingered the letter there. The boy heard it crackle.

"Motherdy," he asked, hesitatingly, "was it a letter from father that you put into your dress? And does it say when he's coming home?"

"It is from your father, yes dear. But he wasn't sure when he would get back—exactly," she answered, with outward quiet. The letter had said "Thursday or Friday," and this was Tuesday. "But it seems, Russell, that we haven't known what happened to him at all. He hasn't been kept away by 'business' ever since his ship landed; what really happened was that, in the midst of that awful accident out in the ocean, father was—shot at, dear; and they took him to a hospital, as soon as they landed, to get well. He is nearly well now, he writes, so he will come home as soon as he can."

The boy kept silence for several minutes before he said soberly, "He was kind not to tell you before, so you'd worry, motherdy, wasn't he? But I don't see how he got shot at. Do you know? Nobody

meant to shoot him, did they?" His mother had been dreading this inevitable question, and for a moment had no answer ready.

"Letters aren't very satisfactory, son; you must ask father himself about that," she said evenly. "It may be he will tell you."

Her voice was calm, controlled, but her whole world had been transformed by that letter into as deceptive and vaporous a thing as the very fog that touched her face and hands and ankles so coldly, so hatefully. She felt herself probing deeper and deeper into it, seeking the end of her road and finding the foggy way deceitfully empty, vague and with no good. Yet, even as this grim bewilderment gripped her, the road wound upwards and turned the shoulder of the cliff—the mist lay below at her feet, and the twisting path led easily up to the low, white cottage on the knoll. In the garden beside the house an old man was busy spading, and the hazy sunlight silvered his sparse hair, and touched warmly the gay bandanna about his neck, as he rythmically stooped and straightened.

"I think I'd like to talk with Mr. Pringle, motherdy, if you won't be lonely," the little boy said, and his mother quietly wheeled the chair over to the garden. The old man looked up with a friendly smile for each, but the mother did not stay. She propped the boy's pillows more deftly, then turned and went back to the house.

"Do you know, Mr. Pringle, you've worked in this garden every day since we've been boarding here. It ought to be a beautiful garden," Russell began conversationally.

"Purty fair, purty fair," agreed the proud owner grudgingly, surveying it as he spoke. "But it takes a sight o' workin', son."

"Well, when I get out of this chair and learn to use my back, I'll help you! You will teach me gardening, won't you, Mr. Pringle? You see, I shall have so very many things to learn I don't know if I'll ever catch up."

"Don't try, son, don't try. Folks lose a sight of time and comfort tryin' to ketch up when it don't much matter anyway, mostly. If you keep tryin' to ketch up you'll hev to get away with a lot o' good bits o' life in gulps. It don't pay."

"But I want to learn to do everything that father does, Mr. Pringle; and that means very many things indeed. But may be it won't seem like catching up if he teaches them to me, and then I don't think those gulps would bother me, do you?"

"Does he know gardenin'?" asked the old man jealously, tugging out a weed.

"That's one thing he doesn't know, Mr. Pringle. But he'll want me to teach it to him when I've learned it from you; and I don't think it will be hard at all, because he says even now, when I'm not trying to, that I teach him lots. I wonder how that is, Mr. Pringle."

Mr. Pringle straightened himself and wiped his brow with his forearm.

"It's a true thing, son, that any man's a worth while man if he kin learn things from children. I admire him, son, fer a child kin help a man a sight if he's the right kind.—See, here's a posy for you to give your mother—purple sea flowers, I call 'em. They don't rightly belong in this garden, though."

The child fingered the flowers lovingly.

"Thank you, Mr. Pringle," he said in his serious voice. "I'll be glad to give them to her; she seems sad to-day. The sea had a wide gray fog all over it, and I don't think my mother liked it.—I do love fogs, Mr. Pringle; don't you think you feel that nice kind of all-aloneness when you are in one—like secrets?" His gaze wandered beyond the cliff with its scrubby fringe of bushes and marsh grass, out to sea. "Oh, now look—the fog must be sliding over the edge, 'way, 'way out by the sky. And isn't it still? It always makes me feel like magic when it goes, Mr. Pringle." Mr. Pringle looked fondly down at the boy, instead of in the direction to which the white hand pointed.

"Your father'd ought to be a purty fine man," he said, half under his breath.

"He is!" came the proud answer. "But do you know, Mr. Pringle? My father was shot when he was out at sea, and he's getting well in a hospital now. It was in the middle of that wreck that he was in. We heard it in a letter to-day. Does it hurt awfully to be shot, do you know?" he ended anxiously.

"I don't just know, son, never havin' ben a target myself. However did a man get shot in the middle of a shipwreck, I'd like to know!"

"Well, I can't tell you that because I don't think the letter said. He didn't want to tell mother until he was about well, because she would worry so, you see. But he is coming here almost right away, and then we'll know all about it. Isn't that my mother calling for me, Mr. Pringle?"

That evening, after putting the boy to bed, his mother came down into the living-room where Mrs. Pringle sat reading and knitting at the same time, and Mr. Pringle's chair was drawn up by the round table so that his paper should catch the lamplight. Between him and the boy's young mother had grown up a confidence and sincere affection that sprang primarily from their common interest in the boy, and was ripened by the long evenings of conversation together. So this evening it was directly to the old man that Russell's mother spoke, as she dropped into the nearest rocker.

"Mr. Pringle," she said hurriedly, "Russell and I have had such a happy summer here that we shall never, never forget it, nor forget how kind and friendly you have been to us. This summer by the sea is making my son a well boy, Mr. Pringle! And now that—that the time has come when we must leave you, we are going to find it harder than we can well tell you. Russell will be heart broken! But we must go to-morrow, sir. To-morrow afternoon."

During this speech Mr. Pringle had shoved his spectacles down on his nose, and now he was looking over them with a bewildered expression.

"The boy didn't speak of it, ma'am, this afternoon," he began, looking at her more keenly. "So you'll excuse me if I take it kind of sudden. And your husband, ma'am? Won't he come here?"

She caught her lip for a moment, and then leaned toward him and hurried the low words out.

"Yes, Mr. Pringle, he is coming here, and that is why I must tell you everything about him, so you won't misjudge any of us. I am taking Russell away from him! Yes—yes—I know you are shocked. I am overwhelmed myself—I cannot believe what I am doing! But you must believe me, Mr. Pringle, I can do nothing else. It would be different if Russell were always to be an invalid. Then I could keep him under my influence always, and I could conceal the true state of affairs, as well as my own disillusionment. But he is getting well at last, you see, and he will grow up like other boys; and the kind of man that he will be will depend on the principles he will gain from now on. No," she answered him, though he had not spoken, "I am not jealous of his father's influence. I want it for him more than anything else under heaven, Mr. Pringle. But I have had news to-day that makes me sure—sure—that, at least until he is older, his father's would be almost the worst influence in the world for developing his manhood. So I am going to take him away."

Mr. Pringle took his spectacles entirely off now, and wiped them again and again before he put his question in a quiet, searching voice.

"You know, ma'am, how, or why, your husband was shot? I take it that was your news?" This time she answered him fully.

"Yes! Yes, that is it. At the time of the wreck, Mr. Pringle, my husband—pushed a—woman aside—oh, it is too hideous! The captain saw, and—oh!—and I thought him such a hero! But you see I am right! My boy couldn't come under the influence of his 'ideals.' "

"Let's see, ma'am. Let's look at the thing squarely and see how we stand. You're actin', to my mind, a bit hasty—perhaps. How did you find all this out?"

"He wrote me. And he comes here Thursday or Friday, so I had to make up my mind quickly."

"Exactly. But let's see. I wonder ef you think it's a cowardly thing for him to write you about it, ma'am, when you believed the excuses that he first gave you. He needn't have told you all this."

"Of course it was a manly thing to do—after it was all over. Really, Mr. Pringle, I've thought it all out over and over again, and—"

"And the other shows up more and looks more important. So it does, so it does. Still, to my mind, it seems 'bout as important a thing in a man's life when he shows a good, straight, manly courage with a hard drove will behind it, as when, all crazy headed as he prob'bly was, he slipped up and his will wasn't within hailin' distance of his act."

They sat in silence for a time, but the woman's eyes, though full of pain, were

resolute. The old man went on slowly, tenderly:

"Then too, ma'am, he's the boy's father, you see, an' that makes it a sight different. Seems to me you hev two folks to look out fer, ma'am. You an' he are both responsible fer the boy, but you've willin'ly made yourself responsible fer his father too. You'd hev the best chance in the world to keep the boy straight—look at him now! But ef you go off from his father, what chance do you suppose he'll hev?" The old man's eyes rested on the mother as she sat staring into the shadows, with a tense face, and his voice was very kind.

"Save all the fight you've got to fight for the boy's father, ma'am, not against him. An' mebbe it don't strike you that the boy may give his father some lessons in ideals, too? Keepin' 'em together might save 'em both."

The woman rose wearily. "When I can think things out again I know I shall find myself in the right still. It is all hideous! But I am right; I must fight for the boy," she ended with a fierceness that made her voice harsh.

"Any reason you shouldn't fight for both?" Mr. Pringle persisted quietly. "You're too knocked over by that letter to see what's what, ma'am, that's the truth of it."

The woman looked down at him with a great longing in her eyes, then turned dumbly away and went upstairs.

The next morning when she came down stairs to help Russell with his breakfast, Mr. Pringle had gone into the garden, so only the boy saw how white her face was, and how hollow under the eyes. She had battled desperately in the night between her old, bright hero-worship for her husband and this new horror of disillusionment. The issue was always the boy's future, and she could not bring herself to believe that she could keep his ideals of manhood clear and strong if she should silently accept this great wreckage of her own and of his father's. Now that morning was come she felt almost indifferent about it all. She felt her keenness of will grow numb with the greatness of the tax laid upon it. She went about all the morning silent with baffled weariness, packing up her things and the boy's only because that was the last thing that she remembered to have definitely decided. Whether she were going she did not know. She supposed she was. She forgot the words that the old man had told her last night, though they had burned in her brain all night long. She remembered only that he had called her attention to a responsibility to her husband. But the boy was responsibility enough, she decided dully, and she was growing to feel as if she hardly knew his father now, so altered was her attitude toward him.

From the garden came Russell's high voice calling to Mr. Pringle. She remembered that she had better bring him in and dress him to go.

"Oh, Mr. Pringle! There's some one at your gate. I can't see who it is, but he wants to come in—oh! oh! oh!"

Something in the wild gladness of the boy's cry brought his mother to the door with her heart suddenly pounding in her throat. A great, broad-shouldered man was bending over Russell's chair, clasped hard in the boy's arms, and the sight brought a strange feeling of desperation to the watching mother. She gripped the casement with tense fingers. Gradually, as though in a daze, she lost all consciousness of herself and of the numbing bitterness that had filled her. She saw only the boy's white arms, so tight, so eager in their clasp about his father's neck, was conscious only of the humble tenderness with which the man pressed him close. And all the time the ring of the boy's first cry of welcome sounded in her ears; and, slowly at first, she realized—and suddenly exulted in the realization—that no disillusionment or bitterness could touch the love in that cry. She saw her husband straighten and turn his face toward the house; she saw the little hand linger in the big one caressingly—and in a blinding flash of the truth she saw the narrowness of her own love that had not dared to forgive.

"Call at the foot of the stairs, father," she heard the boy call, "and hurry and come back here!" The words brought quick tears to her eyes, but her face was alight with a new vision of forgiveness and faith.

"It was the fog," she whispered to herself. "It was like—forgetting things." And she stepped out to meet him.

H. B. Devan, '13.

# NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## OUR NEW DEAN.

The announcement that Miss Alice Vinton Waite is to be Wellesley's new dean will bring distinct pleasure to all who know her special fitness for this office. Since Miss Waite came to Wellesley she has trained many generations of students to higher and keener ideals of scholarly endeavor, and has won the affection and the admiration of the pupils who have been spurred on by her quiet but insistent habit of incisive thinking.

Miss Waite, who was born and brought up in New England, is a graduate of Smith College. For a number of years she taught at Mary Institute in Saint Louis. In 1893-4 she was a student of English at Yale University, taking her master's degree, for this work, at Smith.

In 1896 she came to Wellesley, where she entered the English Department, being especially interested in sophomore composition. Later on she took charge of a course in the history of the English language, and during the past few years she has conducted, in the Department of English Literature, a course in the essay and another course in metrics, gaining from the latter that nice sense of numbers so essential in the mathematical duties that do hedge a dean. It is a pleasure to know that the course in English composition will be retained, although the other work will be given into other hands, for a time.

The noteworthy facts in Miss Waite's preparation for this position are, first, that as a graduate of another college, she will bring that objectivity and perspective gained by intimate acquaintance with more than one educational institution. Moreover, having been a resident in the heart of the Freshmen section in the village, she will understand some of the peculiar social and academic problems of life off the campus. Miss Waite is admirably fitted for a broader field of work by her wide interest in literature, politics, history, art, in all the vital, illuminative forces of the humanities. A dynamic, not a static believer in the education of women, the new dean has well-defined conceptions of the true significance of intellectual life, and she will uphold ideals of study rigorously uncompromising in their demand for steady and thoroughly acute scholarship. By training and by temperament Miss Waite has a cool, clear, dispassionate way of judging situations and people, and her quick sense of fine and subtle values will prove an inspiration to students who will rejoice in her keen wit, her sanity, her vivid sympathy, and her courageous directness of thought.

Although doubtless, aware of our faults, Miss Waite is sympathetic with Wellesley customs and ideals, and she will be sensitive to the best of our traditions, loyal to our faiths. In entering the dean's office she will continue to uphold the standards of impartial justice that have hitherto prevailed there. Wellesley owes much to her deans, Miss Stratton and Miss Pendleton, and to the acting dean, Miss Chapin, who for two years has brought to her task, rich kindliness, devotion, and an Hellenic sense of just and orderly idealism.

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD, '96.

## FUNERAL OF PROFESSOR COLIN.

A very impressive funeral service was held in Houghton Memorial Chapel for Professor Therese Colin on Wednesday, April 9, at half-past two. A guard of honor took its place in the chapel from twelve o'clock, when the casket was brought, with its flowers, among them a wreath of panises and lilies-of-the-valley, Madam Colin's favorite flowers, from the French Department. Mr. Sleeper of the village Congregational Church conducted the services. Professor MacDougall, who was at the organ, played most beautifully an Adaggio of Beethoven and Handel's Largo. After the first stanza of the closing hymn, "The strife is o'er, the battle won," the guard of honor led the way out, preceded by President Pendleton and Dean Chapin, and followed by the Faculty in procession in the academic gown. The honorary pall-bearers were Professor Norton, Professor Clarence Hamilton, Professor Charles Young and Professor Karl Wiegand. There were six ushers from the Senior Class Miss Colt, Miss Humphrey, President of Student Government, the President of the Senior Class, Miss Mary Clark, the President of the Christian Association, Miss Elizabeth Clark, the President of the Alliance Francaise, Miss Bickelhaupt and Miss Tripp. Many members of the Faculty went to Mt. Auburn, where, after a brief service of prayer and benediction, the body was left for cremation. No one who heard the music in our chapel will forget the noble dignity of this service, in which Scripture selection and prayer combined into a perfect tribute.

Many members of the college may not know in detail of the remarkable equipment of scholarship which Professor Colin brought to her work. She had studied at the University of Paris and the Sorbonne, at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, at the Ecole des Chartes, in Florence, and in Rome. She had the degree of Master of Arts from Leland Stanford, Jr., University, was Fellow on Romance Languages in Bryn Mawr College, and held the

degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Pennsylvania.

In recognition of her services in the cause of education, she was decorated by the French Government with the insignia of Officer d'Academie, and later, with the insignia of Officer de l'Instruction Publique, an honor rarely accorded to a woman. Professor Colin was a member of the Board of Directors of the Alliance Francaise of Paris and of the Wellesley branch of the Alliance. She was also an active member of the New England Modern Language Association and of the Societe Nationale des Professeurs Francais en Amerique.

### A TRIBUTE TO MADAME COLIN.

All those who knew Madame Colin's strong personality, feel that a force has gone from the College, from the world: strong, and yet respectful of others, asserting itself, but gently.

Every student who approached her remembers the affectionate interest she received; every one was favored with her undivided attention, and left her comforted, feeling that some one had taken the matter in hand, and would promptly reach a decision and carry it out.

Her pride in the College was great, and her ideals for her department very high, for she believed thoroughly in the efficiency of French culture as a means of intellectual and moral betterment. She thus conciliated her strong patriotic sentiment with her love for her adopted country.

To work with her was most inspiring, for she practised intense self-culture, so as to be constantly in touch with the currents of modern thought. There was no subject on which she could not speak interestingly. No form of life was alien to her; the life of the past in the history of art and language, the life of to-day in philosophy and politics, and even the life of animals and plants was familiar to her. She studied all with eagerness and sympathy. She was incessantly increasing her intellectual riches, never considering her education as completed, and remaining a student to make her teaching more valuable. Through a rare privilege, this powerful mind kept its admirable lucidity to the last minute, disappearing as a flame suddenly blown out by a blast.

We all feel grieved to-day for her sudden disappearance, and we shall always miss her presence in those parts of College where she passed every day with such unfailing regularity.

She has worked devotedly for us nine years, and like a courageous soldier she died on the field.

### 1913-1914 DEBATE.

The second of the inter-class debates, organized by the Debating Club, was held in Billings Hall on Monday evening, March 24, before a very large and enthusiastic audience. The challenge sent by the Senior Class read: Resolved, that an honor system should be adopted in Wellesley College; the affirmative was chosen by the Junior team. Marguerite Stitt opened the meeting, and explained that the collection and organization of material had been done not only by the speakers but by the whole teams. Lydia Kuenule then presided. The teams were as follows:

| 1913. | 1914. |
|---|---|
| Marie T. Collins (Capt.) | Helen Nixon (Capt.) |
| Kathleen Burnett | Elizabeth Hirsh |
| Mary Burd | Sylvia Goulston |
| Barbara Hahn | Marguerite Stitt |
| Marian Bradley | Mary Ballantine |
| Nancy Brewster | Esther Berlowitz |
| Margaret Reed | Dorothy Dennis |
| | James M. Gardner |
| | Lydia B. Kuenule |
| | Letteria Villari |

Elizabeth Hirsh, 1914, introduced the debate, limiting the discussion to the honor system as applied to quizzes. She then outlined the argument of the affirmative, and presented the first point, that the system would diminish cheating, since it would raise and broaden the standard of honor in college.


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Kathleen Burnett, 1913, arguing that cheating would not be diminished, emphasized the right of law-abiding citizens to the protection of systematized authority, and the fact that cheating is rare at Wellesley.

Sylvia Goulston, 1914, showed the positive advantages of the system to the individual and to the college.

Mary Burd, 1913, opposed her statements on the ground that a formal honor system would limit the sense of honor to a few points, foster contempt for the wisdom of our elders, and prove ethically extravagant.

Marguerite Stitt, 1914, then cited the homogeneity, the spirit of faculty-student co-operation and of honor and morality enforced by public opinion here as eminently fitting Wellesley for such an institution. She was followed by Barbara Hahn, who criticized the arguments of the affirmative, showed a majority of students interviewed to be opposed to the system, and emphasized the severity of the punishment for cheating.

The rebuttals on both sides were significant and effective. On the whole, the delivery of the debaters was direct, dignified, and forceful.

The judges, Mr. Sheffield of the Department of English Composition, and Mr. Garrison and Mr. Curtis of the Harvard Law School, decided in favor of the negative. Our thanks are especially due to Mr. Garrison and Mr. Curtis for consenting to act in this capacity, and it is to be remembered that the judges' conference was necessarily short.

We feel that all those who took part are to be congratulated on the success of this debate, and hope that it will be followed by others in the future. Power of effective expression is such a necessary part of our equipment for living that we should only very considerately neglect the opportunity which the Debating Club offers for acquiring such training. But, individual advantages aside, we hope that this debate will establish a precedent for thorough public discussion of our college problems, discussion which will enlarge and clarify our too often haphazard and limited ideas and help to make our actions intelligent and trustworthy.

## GENERAL AID NOTICE.

The General Aid Committee of the Christian Association has deemed it wise to grade the prices of work done through its recommendation, in most cases raising the price, to a small extent, to make work more worth while to girls who are depending a great deal on the money they can earn in college. The following scale of prices has been adopted:

Typewriting, fifty cents an hour; fine sewing, forty cents an hour; fine laundering, forty cents an hour; serving dinner (including cooking), thirty-five cents an hour; washing dishes, waiting on table, mending and darning, stitching by machine, plain pressing, sweeping and dusting, thirty cents an hour; copying, twenty-five cents; reading aloud, twenty cents.

VIRGINIA MOFFAT,
(Chairman of General Aid Committee.)

## SENIOR LECTURES ON SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

As the year draws to a close the attention of interested Seniors is directed to the last lectures of this course.

Thursday evening, April 17, there is coming to us a special expert on work with boys. This is Rev. William B. Forbush of Detroit, whose book, "The Boy Problem," is well known to Sunday School workers and who has been noted in more than one pastorate for his successful organization of the boys of his church and communiny.

Mrs. Myra S. Higgins was the leader of the Senior Christian Association Class in Sunday School methods last year and the year before, and it will be a pleasure to welcome her again. Thursday evening, May 8, she will give a talk on methods.

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## EDITORIALS.

### OUR DEBUT.

Editors, especially amateur ones, are supposed to enjoy making their bow to the public. It gives them a chance, not only to air their platitudes, but to confide their most cherished hopes and plans to their little public. Editorial boards have, in this way, the peculiar advantage of self-advertisement. It is their special privilege. Artists do not dilate about their ideas for future pictures; musicians are not expected to describe the technique they wish to attain, nor dancers their method of practising steps. No actor was ever encouraged to appear in an "I" monologue. But writers are supposed to freely disclose themselves and also to be the reflective agents of others. And unique as this role is, the egotism of human nature makes it rather agreeable.

Although conscious of our opportunities, we, the new board, make our debut modestly. We take the place of a board who have proved their ability, and have left the stamp of conservatism and dignity on the NEWS. We cannot thank them too earnestly for their inspiration. Gathering strength from it, we mean to press forward, that the coming year may do credit to the past by being still better.

For this, we ask your co-operation in the simplest, yet most effective way. Read the NEWS. We don't want your subscription just as a matter-of-course, public-spirited act, we want your interest back of it. The vitality or lifelessness of a college paper largely depends on the amount of this interest. From the beginning we ask you to join us in our endeavor to attain sane progress. We can do nothing better or more fitting than to toast "Our Readers."

### "GETTING RATTLED."

If, as the great Plato affirms, there's a similarity between all unlike things, we may be excused for comparing floods and elections. The great floods which have so recently swept over the middle West, terrifying and destroying, have tested man's nature in every way. They have called forth not only daring heroism and unselfish courage, but also plain, every-day self-control, ability to keep one's head. We sadly realize that men and women have been sacrificed through lack of this ability. People have lost their lives because they first lost their self-control.

With characteristic American picturesqueness we call this fault "getting rattled." Almost every day we get rattled, but usually the consequences are not serious. Sometimes the defect makes us flunk a quiz and that is harder. At election time, a sufficient number of rattled people may elect the wrong girl. That is hardest. This is the time for us to stop and consider every choice we make. The votes we cast now we must abide by all next year. Let us stop and think—once, twice, and again—and finally be sure we know whom we want and why we want her.

## STUDENT GOVERNMENT MEETING.

A meeting of the Student Government Association was held on Wednesday, April 9, in College Hall Chapel. After the reading of the minutes, Miss Humphrey spoke of the recent conference at Radcliffe of representatives from six colleges to investigate the different methods of electing officers. Miss Elliot, the second delegate, reported in more detail, and said that, though the other colleges had evidently profited by our regulations, she felt that Wellesley had little to borrow. Miss Humphrey stated that she had temporarily appointed Calma Howe to the vacancy in the Advisory Board, caused by Miss Prall's resignation. The appointment was confirmed. The two recommendations presented at the last meeting in regard to granting freer use of musical instruments on Saturdays, and in per-

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mitting girls to see their own fathers on Sundays without permission, were carried. Miss Berlowitz told of the working-girls' summer home at Mrs. Shaw's. Miss Howarth asked for more courtesy towards instructors at the close of periods. Miss Joy asked that the college family might all meet once every day at chapel. Miss Conover spoke of disturbance carried by the noise at Musical Vespers, and asked that the attitude before evening chapel be more in keeping with the service. Miss Humphrey announced Thursday, April 10, as the second college pay day, and also announced the dates for voting for new officers. She reported that the plan submitted by the committee concerning non-academic interests would go before the Academic Council on April 10, and that their decision would be made known later. Miss Humphrey asked also, that care be taken in boating on the Charles, and reminded everyone of her responsibility as an American woman when away from the campus—on the trains and in the village especially. Miss Swope spoke of our need for the Student Building, and said that its greatest need was advertisement. Acting on the suggestion of the committee from the Graduate Council, a motion was made and carried that, if possible, Tree Day will be open this year. The money received from admission in such a case would greatly aid the Student Building fund. The recommendation for the change in the Constitution which would prevent Freshmen from voting for the Student Government major officers was read and discussed. The arguments presented were almost wholly against the change, and it will probably not be carried.


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## FREE PRESS.

CONCERNING FREE PRESSES.

After much satire from the "Parliament of Fools," much warning from the Press Board, and much neglect from the college at large, the "Free Press" feels called upon to assert itself. If its true spirit and purpose have, at times, been lost, they must be found again, and rigidly adhered to throughout the new year which opens for the NEWS with this number. Therefore, take heed, Wellesley girls, past and present, for to you the editorship of the "Free Press" belongs. Without you it is only so much space and theory; with your interest it can be what it is intended to be—the weekly parliament, not here of fools, but of a loyal and united college.

As a parliament we want discussion. Groups of us are continually talking about what we like and dislike, both in and out of college. Much of such comment is trivial and superficial, but much is of true worth. Too often those who have really constructive ideas have neither the courage not the opportunity to propagate them. It is just these floating hints that we want to gather into our parliament where they may accomplish their end, whether that end be a new attitude, a reform method, or a keener appreciation of a play. It is not "grouchy," exasperated nagging that we want, nor upstart attacks on college administration, but open-minded, constructive criticism. We are apt to forget that criticism is not always "knocking," it has its side of appreciation, as well.

So, come forward with your thoughts! The oldest Alumna and the greenest Freshman have ideas which we cannot afford to miss. Write them up, in whatever form you choose and leave it to those who disagree to answer you a week later! A certain amount of care must temper too ardent statements on college matters, but we can at least get at underlying principles without public misunderstanding. Put your contributions in the NEWS


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## A CALL FROM DENISON HOUSE.

Every year, Denison House clamors for a volunteer resident to help in the Italian department, and never, so far, has she clamored in vain. Is there any Senior who would offer her services next season for this inspiring bit of free service?

This year, Miss Mary Hume, 1912, has been with us. She can tell for herself how richly rewarding is the life and how important the work. Residence can be, if desired, combined with a little study at the School of Philanthropy, but the opportunity for training in direct settlement work under the expert guidance of Miss Mary Gove Smith is more valuable than academic study. Board costs from six dollars a week up. The work involves help in the administration of the department, neighborhood visiting, clubs, if desired, co-operation in developing our Italian Arts and Crafts. A knowledge of Italian is most desirable, but only once have we had it in our volunteer. Of course, opportunities for studying the language are excellent. Courses of summer reading in preparation for the work will be arranged if wished.

Miss Scudder will be glad to give further information to any one interested. This is a very real need and it is also a happy opportunity to learn and give. VIDA D. SCUDDER.

## MISS NEVIN'S READING.

On the evening of Monday, March 24, Miss Frances Nevin, under the auspices of the Elocution Department, gave a reading of Parsifal. Miss Nevin first explained that although many people consider this opera to be sacrilegious, it was in reality symbolic, and it was as a symbol that Wagner presented it.

She then read the most telling portions of each of the three acts. The translation in itself was a beautiful one and Miss Nevin's reading emphasized its beauty. Her interpretations of Coundre and of Parsifal were particularly well done, making those characters vivid to even those in her audience who had never heard the opera.

Miss Nevin's reading was supplemented by the playing of the more striking portions of the music, such as the Holy Grail and Good Friday motifs. This music added greatly to the vividness of the character portrayal and rounded out the reading.

To those who have not had the opportunity to hear the opera itself, Miss Nevin's reading was a great opportunity to become acquainted with both the story and the unforgettable music.

## COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Thursday, April 17, College Hall Chapel, 7.30 P. M., address to members of Bible 13, by Mr. William B. Forbush.

Saturday, April 19, Mary Hemenway Hall, 3 P. M., baseball game.

Sunday, April 20, Houghton Memorial Chapel, 11 A.M., speaker, the Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Davies, Bishop of Western Massachusetts.
7.00 P.M., Vespers.

Monday, April 21, College Hall Chapel, 7.30 P. M., Social Study Circle, Consumers' League and College Settlements' joint meeting. Address by Mrs. Florence Kelley.

Wednesday, April 23, College Hall Chapel, 7.30, P.M., Christian Association meeting. Address by Miss Anna Brown, 1909, "The Personal or Spiritual Significance of Membership in the World's Student Christian Federation."
St. Andrew's Church, 7.15, P.M., address by Marie Hill, "Making Good at College."

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## ECONOMIC PRIZES.

TENTH YEAR.

In order to arouse an interest in the study of topics relating to commerce and industry, and to stimulate those who have a college training to consider the problems of a business career, a committee composed of Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago, chairman, Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University, Professor Henry C. Adams, University of Michigan, Horace White, Esq., New York City, and Professor Edwin F. Gay, Harvard University, has been enabled, through the generosity of Messrs. Hart, Schaffner & Marx, of Chicago, to offer in 1914 four prizes for the best studies in the economic field.

In addition to the subjects printed below, a list of available subjects proposed in past years may be obtained. Attention is expressly called to the rule that a competitor is not confined to topics proposed in the announcements of this committee, but any other subject chosen must first be approved by it.

1. The competitive relations of the Suez and Panama Canals.
2. A study of the economic conditions preceding and following the crisis of 1907.
3. Price regulation by governmental authority.
4. A theory of public expenditures.
5. A study of shipping combinations in ocean transportation and their influence on rates.
6. How far has the regulation of freight charges affected the development of railways in the United States?
7. A study on the changes of modern standards of living.
8. A study of the cost to the United States of its possession of the Philippine Islands.

Class B includes only those who, at the time the papers are sent in, are undergraduates of any American college. Class A includes any other Americans without restriction; the possession of a degree is not required of any contestant in this class, nor is any age limit set.

A first prize of one thousand dollars, and a second prize of five hundred dollars are offered to contestants in Class A.

A first prize of three hundred dollars, and a second prize of two hundred dollars are offered to contestants in Class B. The committee reserves to itself the right to award the two prizes of $1,000 and $500 of Class A to undergraduates in Class B, if the merits of the papers demand it. The committee also reserves the privilege of dividing the prizes offered, if justice can be best obtained thereby. The winner of a prize shall not receive the amount designated until he has prepared his manuscript for the printer to the satisfaction of the committee.

The copyright of successful studies will vest in the donors, and it is expected that, without precluding the use of these papers as theses for higher degrees, they will cause them to be issued in some permanent form.

Competitors are advised that the studies should be thorough, expressed in good English, and although not limited as to length, they should not needlessly be expanded. They should be inscribed with an assumed name, the class in which they are presented, and accompanied by a sealed envelope giving the real name and address of the competitor. No paper is eligible which shall have been printed or published in a form to disclose the identity of the author before the award shall have been made. If the competitor is in Class B, the sealed envelope should contain the name of the institution in which he is studying. The papers should be sent on or before June 1, 1914, to J. Laurence Laughlin, Esq., The University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois.

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# PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS.

### FROM GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

When I asked for a rest from my exertions, they granted it, but only after long consultation, wherein it seems they decided that the work on my return would be of so much better grade that the improvement would compensate for the loss of time; and thereupon they imposed certain conditions, which seemed to me strange and unnecessary, but which, as I later learned, were national laws in their country. They demanded double the amount of work for the week preceding the vacation, and besides, they required that I should write an extended document, wherein I was to tell whither I intended to go, how I would accomplish my journey and the amusements wherewith I would occupy myself during my stay. Moreover, they informed me that, even though they should then have no work for me, if I was not back at the time appointed, I would be banished from their kingdom, whither I had come with so much difficulty. 1915.

### TO A ROTTEN APPLE.

An Elegy.

O apple in the waste basket,
Would thou wert in thy chaste casket!
Since thy lamentable demise,
Sweet odors have perfumed the breeze,
"Odors when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken"—
True, apple dear, although you're rotten,
We'll say, you're gone but not forgotten.

### A 12-RIDE TICKET.

What fills the 1.03 every day?
What helps to drive dull care away?
What burdens all our cash accounts?
What makes each girl her work renounce?
A twelve-ride ticket.

What lends itself with easy grace?
What clearly does not know its place?
What leaves ours for another's purse?
What comes back punched and makes us curse?
A twelve-ride ticket.

What makes instructors sigh and frown?
What helps to pull our standing down?
What lures us from true scholarship?
What makes our precious dollars skip?
A twelve-ride ticket.

What gives us popularity?
What makes us famed for charity?
What is most wanted by us all?
What starts an outcry in the hall?
"Got a twelve-ride ticket?"

### WITH APOLOGIES.

Come P. D. Q. in dancing time
In dancing time.
In dancing time,
The music just won't let you be still
Oh, doesn't that waltz just give you a thrill?
What are they dancing—the Newtonville?
It isn't far from—Boston. 1914.

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## PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS--Continued.

### ECHOES.

Oh, howdy do, when'd you get home?
How long are you going to stay?
You go back Tuesday? I declare!
A short vacation, I must say.

And you're a Senior now? oh, no!
You've two years more, I should have known.
But really, my dear, since you've been gone,
The days and weeks have simply flown.

And you're at Wells now, isn't it?
Or Smith's, I always do forget.
Wellesley, you say? Just where is that?
Near Boston? And Harvard, I bet.

Do come see me before you go,
How about Friday? I'll send a card.
You're busy every day? Too bad!
Good-bye, then, dear, don't work too hard!

### SUMMARY OF THE WORK AND PLANS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS PEACE SOCIETY.

The original Massachusetts Peace Society was formed December 26, 1815. History says that it met in the study of William Ellery Channing. This society, through its organ, "The Friend of Peace," which was the earliest journal of the international peace movement in America, exerted a far-reaching influence in voicing the protest of the day against war and in preparing the way for the pacific settlement by law of international disputes. The society became a center from which work for peace extended widely.

It is the aim of the society not only to educate public sentiment in a knowledge of modern methods of settling international disputes by law or by diplomacy instead of by war, but to increase fraternal relations between the United States and all other countries.

The society has a Press Committee and hopes soon to establish a regular agency for supplying articles to the newspapers on current topics of interest in the peace movement.

It is the intention of the society to increase the number of volumes in its reference library, in order that this may serve as a more complete bureau of information for persons who are interested in the preparation of papers and lectures on international peace, and related topics.

The society invites to its membership all who believe that international differences, when not adjustable by diplomacy, should be settled by arbitration or by judicial procedure.

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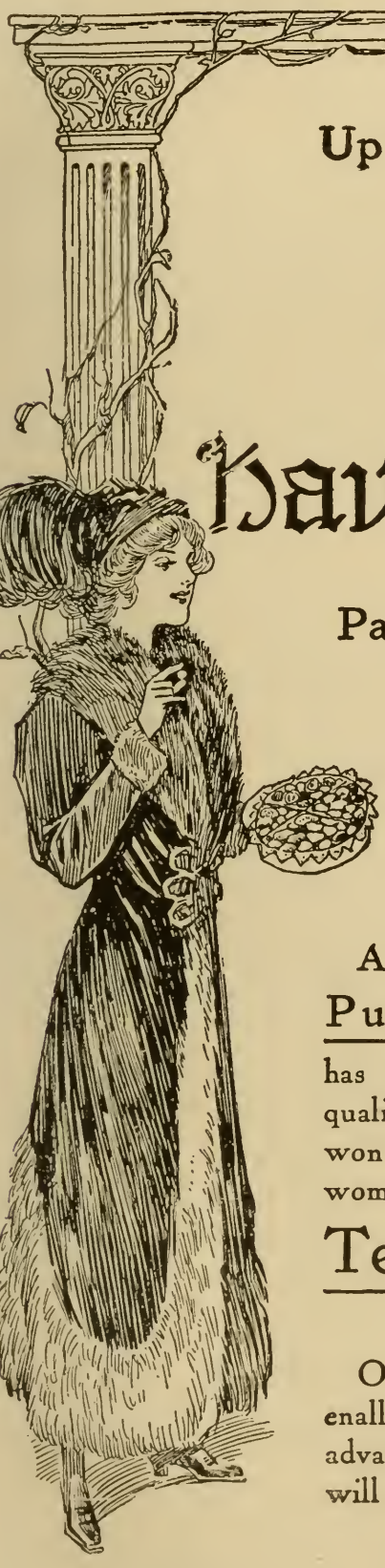

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### ACADEMIC CAPS AND GOWNS.
Cottrell & Leonard ..... x

### APPOINTMENT BUREAU.
Women's Educational and Industrial Union .... iii

### ATHLETIC SUPPLIES.
H. L. Flagg ..... x
Wright & Ditson ..... x

### BANK.
Wellesley National Bank ..... 34

### BOOKS.
Houghton Mifflin Co ..... iii

### CATERER.
C. M. McKechnie & Co ..... xi

### CHOCOLATE—COCOA.
Walter Baker & Company, Ltd ..... vii

### CONFECTIONERY, COLLEGE ICES, ETC.
Huyler's, Boston ..... 2nd cover
Lowney, Boston ..... 38
Park & Tilford ..... ix
Whitman ..... vii
Close's Confectionery ..... xiii

### COSTUMERS.
Raymond, Boston ..... 38

### DENTISTS.
Dr. Smith ..... 35

### DRUGGIST.
J. A. Morgan & Co ..... 37

### FLORISTS.
Tailby ..... x
Wax Bros ..... 36

### FOUNTAIN PENS.
Moore's Non-Leak Fountain Pen ..... ii
Conklin's Self-Filler ..... viii

### FURS.
Edward F. Kakas & Sons, Boston ..... v
Lamson & Hubbard, Boston ..... viii

### GROCERIES, FRUIT, ETC.
Wellesley Fruit Co ..... x
William M. Flanders Co ..... xi
Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y ..... xiv
Sturtevant & Haley ..... x

### GYMNASIUM SUITS.
Columbia Gymnasium Suit Co ..... vii

### HAIR DRESSING.
Miss Irene Blissard ..... 32
Miss Ruth Hodgkins ..... iv

### JEWELERS.
A. Stowell & Co., Boston ..... 2nd cover
Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co ..... 31
Hayden, Wellesley ..... 35
Long ..... x
Shreve, Crump & Low, Boston ..... vi
Tiffany & Co., New York ..... i
Widmer, Boston ..... x

### LUNCHEON, TEAS, ETC.
Consignors' Union ..... x
Old Natick Inn ..... x
Wellesley Inn ..... 32
Wellesley Tea Room ..... x

### MILLINERY.
Christie, Boston ..... v
Clapp ..... 36

### MUSIC.
Oliver Ditson Company ..... 2nd cover

### OPTICIANS AND OPTICAL SUPPLIES.
A. E. Covelle & Co., Boston ..... xi

### ORIENTAL STORE.
Vantine, Boston, New York ..... xiii

### PIANOS.
Chickering & Sons ..... 3rd cover

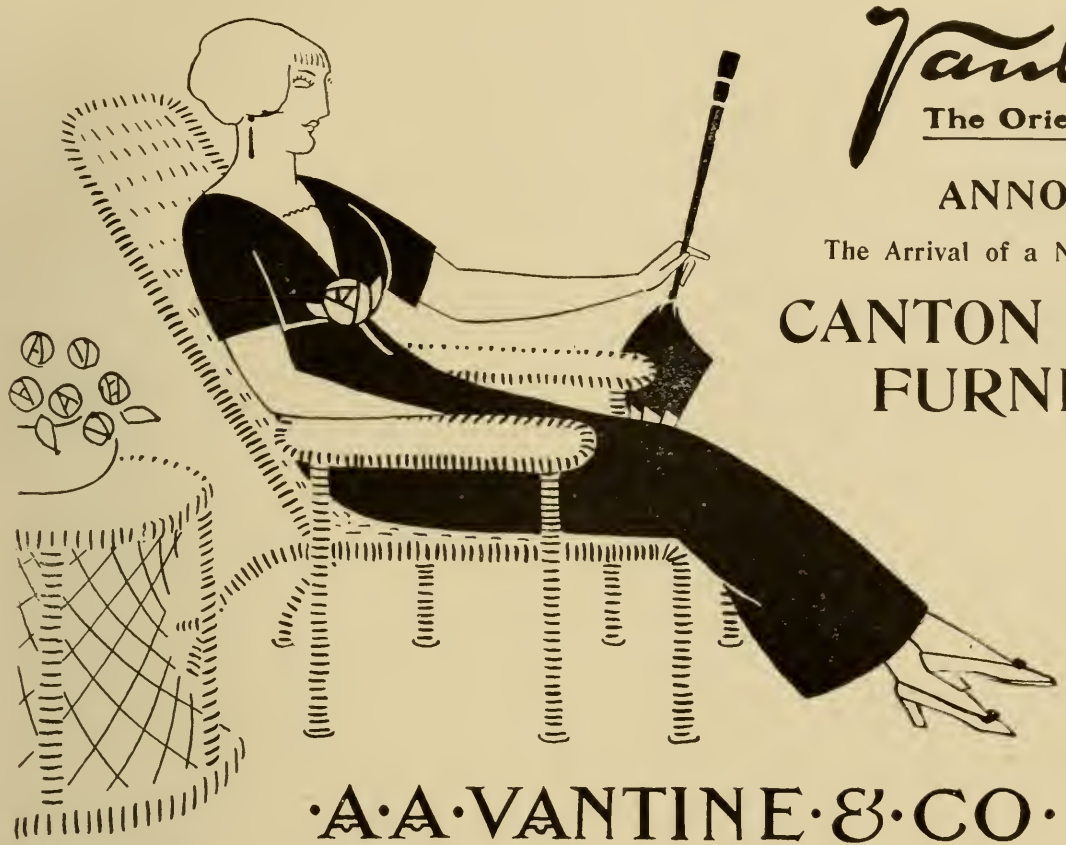
### SCHOOLS.
Abbot Academy ..... iii
Walnut Hill School ..... xi

### SHOES.
Moseley Co., Boston ..... vi
Sorosis Shoe Co., Boston ..... iv
Thayer, McNeil & Hodgkins, Boston ..... 38

### STATIONERY.
Damon, Boston ..... xi
Marcus Ward Co ..... xi
Samuel Ward ..... iii

### TAILORS.
B. L. Kart ..... x

### WEARING APPAREL.
Chandler & Co., Boston ..... 2nd cover
E. A. Davis ..... 38
Wm. Filene's Sons Co ..... vi
L. P. Hollander & Co., Boston ..... iv
C. F. Hovey & Co., Boston ..... v
Jordan Marsh Co., Boston ..... ii
A. L. LaVers Co., Boston ..... 3rd cover
E. T. Slattery Co., Boston ..... 4th cover
Thresher Bros., Boston ..... vii



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